ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA: A TRAGEDY.

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As it is Acted at the

Duke's Theatre.

Written by the Honourable

Sir *CHARLES SEDLEY*, Baronet.

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AND

CLEOPATRA:

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PROLOGUE

As a brisk Gallant dancing to his Glass,
Does here and there in nimble fleurets pass;
Likes every step, and wishes for a Ball,
Where he at once may shew his Parts to all:
So Poets (with the like conceit) undone,
Think that dull Verse which pleas'd 'em when alone,
Must have the like effect on the whole Town.
Our Poet all such hopes of Praise disclaims,
Like a true Lover of the Sport, he Games,
And to come off a Saver only aims.
Did he affect to be esteem'd a Wit,
Like you, he'd take an easier way to it:
Write Songs and Prologues, shew 'em up and down,
And tear applause from every Fool in Town;
Make Love to Vizards in a Wit-like Noise,
Dull in his Sense, yet airy in his Voice,
Catch at each Line that grates, and keep ten good,
With his damn'd Noise, from being understood.
'Tis well most Wits have something of the Mad,
Or where shou'd Poets for the Stage be had?
Cripples may judge of Vaulting he well knows,
Cowards of Courage; and of Verse and Prose
They that know neither; yet if too severe
Damning those Gifts of which they have no share
Their Envy more than judgment will appear.
He none excepts, no, not his Enemies;
For those he hopes his Friends will counterpoise:
And spight of Faction on both sides he knows,
There is an honest Party in this House.

Persons

PROLOGUE

Persons	represented by
Cæsar:	Mr. *Smith.*
Agrippa.	Mr. *Jevon.*
Mecœnas.	Mr. *Harris.*
Lucilius a Roman.	Mr. *Norris.*
Thyreus:	Mr. *Crosby.*
Antony.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Canidius, his General.	Mr. *Medburn.*
Photinus.	Mr. *Sandford.*
Memnon, *Chilax.* Two Egyptian Lords.	Mr. *Percivall.* Mr. *Gillow.*
Cleopatra.	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Octavia.	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Iras.	Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Charmion.	Mrs. *Hughes.*

Guards, Messengers, Villains, Soldiers and Attendants, Men and Women.

ANTONY

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

Scene the First. *Cæsar's* Tents.

Enter *Cæsar*, *Agrippa*, *Mecænas*.

Cæsar. OUR Arms in early Victory have found
Over a Foe, in love and pleasure drown'd.
Agrip. I am pleas'd we have
Yet rage to
Our souls did once our conquer'd bodies loath,
And seldom did one World contain 'em both.
Yet now by hopes we're flatter'd to live on,
And with the Common Herd of Mankind run,
Crouching to Fate, which way death might shun.
Cæs. His Army's yet
No Troops so far the *Roman* Eagle bore
Armenian Kings they have in Triumph led,
And *Parthian* blood in ten Set Battles shed
Their General to the last they will defend.
Mecæn. None can defend those, who themselves betray
He with his Queen again will run away,
And leave 'em fighting, as he did at Sea.
Agrip. Remember, Sir, the joy the World express,
When threatning Wars and Mischiefs you redress,
With a late Peace, which an Alliance ty'd,
And your fair Sister made *Antonius* Bride.

The like again you to the World may give,
If you content with half of it can live.
Cæs. Against all ſtrokes of Fate who can prepare?
That Match is half th' occaſion of this War.
To him I did my dear *Octavia* give,
That *Rome* in Peace, ſhe might in Empire live;
That to one Emperor by blood ally'd,
And to the other by her Marriage ty'd,
She might all growing jealouſie remove,
And be her ſelf the Bond of laſting love.
But ſee th' unbleſt event; *Antonius* ſlights
That Tye, which even enemies unites,
And more than drunk with *Cleopatra*'s Charms,
He ſcorns both *Roman* Love and *Roman* Arms.
Agrip. Love of our Country and our Intereſt,
Is the true paſſion of a *Roman* Breaſt.
All other are Uſurpers——
Cæſ. 'Tis moſt true.
Yet this vile Flame he never will ſubdue,
Which ſpight of time and of enjoyment lives;
And of its bane miraculouſly thrives.
He thinks his life depends upon her eye,
As that of Plants does on the Sun relye.
The ignorant are leſs'n'd, if ſhe think ſo,
And Cowards even *Hercules* out do.
At her requeſt he Provinces beſtows,
And no man's worth but by her ſtamp he knows.
Whilſt my *Octavia* leads a Stepdame's life,
And tends the Children of his former Wife,
Ungrac'd without authority or ſway.
Mecæn. The wrongs of that fair Princeſs, Sir, are great,
And rage in all, but in her ſelf create.
What Hers forgives, our virtue ſhou'd chaſtiſe!
Mortals revenge the blaſphem'd Deities
And trait the Impious wretch in pieces tear,
Whom Heaven in clemency wou'd long forbear.
From equal pow'rs how can you be ſecure?
And leſs *Antonius* never will endure.
Agrip. *Antonius* wearied with no league refuſe,
And give in peace what battle could not loſe.

He

He may *Octavia* receive again,
And in his Bed and Empire make her reign.
Mecen. Men longest are most pleas'd in their first embrace,
But keep 'em only till affairs change face.
Ambition's never safe till pow'r be paid,
As men till impotent are seldom Chaste.
Follow the blow, and doubt not the success;
But Fortune for her utmost favours press.
On petty Kings your warlike Conquests make,
Antonius brings you here an equal stake;
The World to be divided at one blow,
And Fate already has declar'd for you.
Agrip. Men that have once an equal pow'r enjoy'd,
May see the Ballance chang'd, but not destroy'd.
He that is lessen'd to a Slaves degree,
Still conscious of the first equality,
Must hate the other, and himself much more.
Who ever saw a Captive Emperor?
With honour treat and yield perhaps he may,
But he can never like a Slave obey.
Cæs. Peace we will offer, that he may refuse,
And the whole World his bloody mind accuse.
Thyreus knows the Queen; whom I will send
Charge him that strait he in my Tent attend. *Ex. Omnes.*

SCENE the Second. The Palace.

Enter Memnon *and* Chilax, *two Egyptian Lords.*

Mem. Was ever Queen like *Cleopatra* curst?
Of *Egypts* Monsters sure her love's the worst,
Where is that falshood does the Sex pursue,
Or are they only to their ruine true?
I said *Antonius* might have laid the Scene
Of War and Rapine farther from the Queen,
That our weak State thou'd to the Victor bow,
And humbly the Decrees of Fate allow,
She tells it him, and I must be displac'd.
Chil. 'Tis hard men for their love shou'd be disgrac'd.

Memn. No man may now his bleeding Country mourn
Romans our Lords, and we their Slaves,
Chil. The Times our Nobler Counsels cannot mend,
And men their Thoughts muſt in Obſcurity attend.
Memn. Let Women, and her Parallels ſeek to pleaſe,
Phyſicians ſhould not flatter the diſeaſe;
Her dang'rous ſtate 'tis Treaſon to conceal,
Which nothing but *Antonius*'s death can heal.
Chil. 'Tis a rough Medicine ſhe will never use,
And fatal were th' advice ſhould she refuſe.
We know his intereſt does her Council sway.
Memn. We this advice muſt privately convey,
Make her believe *Octavius* loves her too:
On that ſhe will an eaſie faith beſtow,
And in that hope what is't ſhe may not do?
Chil. 'Twere all in vain, and we our lives ſhould loſe,
Tamely and vilely laugh'd at by our Foes;
Be Thieves and Rogues to execution led,
Let us die warm, and at an Army's head.
The *Romans* will not ever be thus ſtrong;
Thouſands as well as we for changes long.
Memn. Let's ſilent wait the opportunity,
And by main force expel their Tyranny.
Chil. I love my Queen, and to rebel am loth.
Memn. I would but free her from *Antonius*'s power:
And that once done, lay down my Arms next hour.
Chil. Let us ſome Plot againſt his life deviſe;
He's not our Prince; for publick good he dies,
And for our Country falls a Sacrifice.
But ſee He comes, and for his late diſgrace,
His conſcious vertue raging in his face.

Enter *Antonius, Canidius, Photinus.*

Ant. How ſlippery is the Top of humane ſtate,
And on exalted Heads what tempeſts beat!
Whom *Jove* will ruine he makes deaf and blind,
So that they hugg the ill fate he has deſign'd.
Elſe could never have bold *Roman* Swords.
Crowded and throng'd within theſe floating boards.

Ships

Ships, whom the Winds
Where eager courage
The Valiant
One lucky blow
At Land my *Romans*
Can. Sir they bravely
Tho' rude in Ships and Sea
Six hours they did
Deserted by your base
And by your self, if I may be
Ant. The just reproach
Nor am I angry at the friendly smart
I fled, *Canidius*, basely run away
And fought for Empire below shoals for prey
Of my new shame too much thou canst not say.
Can. They, who by Ships would such a Cause decide,
Did not for conquest, but for flight provide
Pardon me, Sir, my bluntness
By barbarous fears and
Phot. We in Neutrality
And calmly expect an Emp'ror
But in your quarrel half our
Led by that *Roman* courage
Memn. Our Ships with
Neither in Battle, nor in Sailing skill'd,
Reapers and Ploughmen half
Nor saw the foaming Sea but from the Shore,
Must we be ruin'd and
Canid. Did we by land a victory forego,
That a vain Queen might a rich Galley
My Legions——
Ant. *Canidius* no more.
I know they stood impatient on the shore
Nineteen such Legions as might
And Fortune's Wheel in their own
Can. A loss at Sea let
Victorious *Romans* to land
Trophies at Sea as much as
Of which an Island is the highest

The

The trembling World did not their Fleet yield,
Crown'd with the Laurels of
Chil. Since we have
One lucky blow at Land recover
Phot. Th' Enemy is already at our Walls,
And our distress for sudden Counsel calls,
Our Queen amazed at
Ant. But yet her love is
Her Country she has made the Scene of War,
'Tis just her safety be our
I will her Guard within
And 'gainst the angry Gods her Cause maintain.
Whilst you *Canidius* to your Legions haste,
Slight our defeat, their loyal hearts make fast
To our just Cause; our Enemies dispose,
And for my absence some excuse devise.
Can. Sir, I am blunt, unlearned to deceive,
I'll say you cannot
That you in her
And blest in Love, the
Ant. What shall I do, shall I my Queen forsake,
And not her danger,
Cæsar, this Night,
And all that
Her beauty may the Conqueror disarm,
And his success and love that beauty charm.
Her Subjects weary of the War,
And make her blood the common sacrifice.
Memn. They say, their Queen in policy of State,
Should buy her Country's peace at any rate.
Ant. They say! who says? *Memnon* you fain would vent,
In others names, your private discontent
I see a sudden fierceness in your brow,
Which you wou'd put in
Memn. Sir, I am known to love my Country well.
Ant. So they say all
Chil. Some with your
And on those bloody terms
Under such Politicians *Pompey*

With

With tumults [illegible]

Ant. How shall they [illegible]
The giddy [illegible]
But what we once refuse [illegible] can bear.

Memn. 'Tis ill to [illegible] whom we must use,
And men fight best when they their party choose.

Ant. 'Tis chosen for [illegible]
And 'tis sedition in them to [illegible]
Maxims too popular you still [illegible]

Memn. Sir, my plain speech does no design contain;
'Tis the meer issue of my heart and brain
If it offend —

Ant. It does, be gone.

Nor will I learn of you what's to be done.

When things go ill, each Fool prefumes t' advise,
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise.
All wretchedly deplore the publick flame,
And that advice seems best which comes too late.

Plot. You talk your self in love and have forgot
Antonius, Destroyer — and the rout
Of vulgar Kings, have [illegible]

Canid. Pelusium by *Seleucus* [illegible]
Some say the Queen did [illegible]

Ant. Monster, such horrid [illegible]
Both were his own, the [illegible]

Can. Sir, I but speak the language of the World.

Ant. Henceforth be ever dumb that World and thou!
It cannot, must not, nor it shan't be so.

Can. Nay, if it shan't, I have no more to say.

Ant. Aside all passion and all fear I'll lay,
And cooly argue what can be her end
There to betray, whom she does here defend.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, *Iras with* Seleucus's [illegible]

But see the Queen: Heaven! but this once stand firm
And I'll forgive thee all thy treacherous past,
How can your goodness [illegible]
Who all he lov'd so poorly did defend

Cleop.

Cleop. 'Twas not your life, [illegible]
Love turn'd [illegible]
Ant. The timerous Deer, [illegible]
Each other will to Wounds and [illegible]
Love gives short courage to the meanest kind,
The creeping things he arms, and [illegible]
Yet, overcharg'd with love, [illegible]
And in my Mistress's presence [illegible]
Cover'd with shame, I fear [illegible]
Cleop. To them you never were more dear than now:
A manly look over your [illegible]
The Captain of my Gallies I have try'd,
And for his cowardice the Villain dy'd.
With him dye all remembrance of what's past,
I my *Cæsarion* have toward *India* sent:
This day *Antillus* to *Armenia* went,
What Merchant in one Ship would venture all,
They may survive, and for [illegible]
Ant. 'Tis well they [illegible]
And we for them more than our [illegible]
Cleop. See here the false [illegible]
On whom I beg quick justice [illegible]
His father's Treason [illegible]
Shou'd I the Son from [illegible]
My love and honour, let [illegible]
The shortest doubt that either can endure.
Ant. None dares to impose to [illegible]
To lay on you the Villains [illegible]
Now my revenge I cannot [illegible]
Left I shou'd seem your virtue to [illegible]
Cleop. You doubt me not, I know. Let others may,
Let his death take their [illegible]
Can. She safely may the cruel offer make, [*Apart.*
Which she well knows [illegible]
Ant. He must not dye, nor is it true revenge,
When the offenders suffer by exchange
The youth, it seems, is not [illegible]
Or our resentment thus he would not [illegible]
Cleop. Let him at least [illegible]
Princes invite, who pardon [illegible]

Ant.

Ant. [illegible]
For Crimes they [illegible]
I beg his life only [illegible]

Cleop. You may [illegible]
Or Life, or Death, at *Cleopatra's* hands.
We who but now might [illegible] the World command,
Are overthrown at Sea, [illegible] Land:
Each hour the news of some fresh Treason brings,
From Faithless States, or from Revolted Kings.

Ant. Let those Crown'd Slaves from out our Party go:
A Treach'rous Friend will be a Timorous Foe.

Cleop. The Plains about are cover'd with our Foes,
Hiding the Earth, as when our *Nile* o'r flows.
Yet fate I in *Antonius* Courage read,
As if that Heart he gave me fill'd my Breast.

Ant. When *Brutus* this *Octavius* over threw,
In a pitch'd Field I *Cassius* did subdue,
And turn'd the Fortune of that fatal day,
Which thus ungrateful *Rome* can ne'er repay;
But here remaining I those Legions lose,
Which all commands but from my Breast refuse.

Cleop. They ever us'd [illegible] obey;
May he not go, and my [illegible]
For you my Peoples love [illegible]
Must I not keep what has so dearly [illegible]

Ant. Ah Madam, you should rate the weakest part,
And help a Lover to defend his Heart.
Tho' swounding Men with each refuge their breath,
Their careful Friends still pull 'em back from Death:
You shou'd my Lethargy of Honour chide,
And drive me, tho' unwilling, from your side.
Dye at your Feet the meanest Lover might,
But in your quarrel the whole World shall fight.

Cleop. If I am Captive to the Romans made,
Surpriz'd in this weak place, or else betray'd,
Think not I'll live to be redeem'd again,
And like a Slave of my proud Lords complain.
At the first Dawn of day ill Fate I'll dye.

Ant. O name not Death, while you in Triumph here:
I'll raise the Siege ere you have time to fear.

Cleop. But then your Love, and Fancy, will in haſt
Men think of joys to come, and ſlight the preſt.

Ant. My Heart ſhall like thoſe Trees the Earth does ſhow,
Where Bloſſoms and ripe Fruit hang on one Bough.
With new deſires, ſoft hopes, at once be preſt;
And all thoſe riper Joys, Love gives the beſt.
Courage and Love ſhall ſway each in their turn,
I'll fight to conquer, conquer to return.
Seeming ambitious to the publick view,
I'll make my private end and dearer, You.
This Storm once paſt, in Peace and Love we'll Reign,
Like the Immortal Gods, the Giants ſlain.

Cleop. Moments to abſent Lovers tedious grows;
'Tis not how time, but how the mind does go:
And once *Antonius* wou'd have thought ſo too.

Ant. Dearer than ever think not that I part,
Without the utmoſt Torment of my Heart.
Whil'ſt you perſwade, your danger chides my ſtay,
Make me not caſt me and your fate away.
How well I lov'd, you did at *Actium* ſee,
When to be near you I left Victory,
And choſe to be companion of your flight,
Rather than conquer in a diſtant fight.
Preſs not that heart you know ſo well, too far,
Our Fortune will no ſecond frailty bear.

Cleop. The trueſt Miſers chooſe to ſit about,
And tell their Wealth; but dare not truſt it out.
I know as well as you, 'tis for you go,
Yet what is beſt I cannot bid you do.

Ant. For my attendance I ſome few will take;
All other *Romans* of your Guard I make.

Cleop. If you muſt go, it quickly ſhall appear,
My love ſought this delay, and not my fear.
When you attack, we'll fully from the Town,
And blood, inſtead of *Nile*, our Plain ſhall drown.
We'll in the midſt of *Cæſar*'s Army meet,
And like *Bellona* I my *Mars* will greet.

Ant. Wou'd Goddeſſes their ſelf-love to me endear,
In *Cleopatra*'s ſhape they muſt appear.

Cleop.

Cleop. My heart can [illegible] this distance bear,
To Love, 'tis Wax, but Adamant to Fear.
Ant. Mine has such Courage from your Virtues took,
That I can almost bear a parting look.
Cleop. Take it; and each unto their charge make haste.
Ant. Our hardest Victory I hope is past. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

Scene the First. The Town.

Enter Antonius, Canidius.

Ant. EMpire and Glory both farewel: Come Shame,
And shed thy Venom on *Antonius*'s Name:
Wither the Lawrels on his Brows, and teach
The World to scorn its most ingenious Wretch.
Forsaken in the choicest hour of time,
My hopes and resolutions in [illegible]
Honour, my Queen and I [illegible]
And all his rough Commands cou'd have obey'd.
Love, for a while, we purpose to delude,
As Mariners in Storms their sails make down,
Can *Romans* thus their General forsake?
Can. They urg'd want of Provision, and of Pay,
Ant. Both which had been redress'd without delay:
Th' obliging Queen——
Can. Whom you may thank for this—their general Discontent at her was loud
Their general Discontent at her was loud
But Soldiers are a rude [illegible]
Play'rs and Minstrels, Singers and Buffoons,
Are the great Instruments and Props of Thrones.
I my old Legions to your [illegible]
Firm to your Side, not tainted [illegible]
They say *Photinus* in the Camp was [illegible]
And that he was employ'd there by the Queen.

Ant. At a Revolt so strange how surpriz'd
Can. Pray Heaven it were not in the Town days
Your upright Nature stoops not to defery
The low and subtile ways of Treachery.
Tho' you may fail, she can't; Beauty will find,
Victorious and young Monarchs ever kind.
Ant. Your honest meaning does your life protect:
Presume no more her vertue to suspect.
Can. May I not say *Photinus* is a Knave?
Ant. Tax not the man, unless good proof you have.

Enter Photinus *pursued by six Villains.*

Phot. Those two you must destroy, and me disarm.
Ah, Sir, from Murtherers defend your Life
See, with my blood, they have begun the Strife. [*They draw, two of the Villains fall, the other run.*
The Gods a Guard for Vertue still provide:
Courage with Treason seldom doth reside.
Th' are fled, and you unhurt
Ant. I am:
But say, *Photinus*, whence these Villains came.
Phot. Just as I left the Throng
They set upon me, crying this is He,
That with *Octavius* lets us not agree,
Antonius's Friend, and his own Country's Foe,
And strait that word was followed with this blow.
Some of the popular Faction set 'em on,
Who think to govern all if we were gone.
Ant. 'Tis most unlucky these were kill'd outright,
Of their whole Plot we else might gain some light.

Phot. *stabs one lying on the ground, he mutters out*

1. *Villain. Photinus* is a Villain
Phot. See their spight
Even at their Death, which I will thus requite. *Canid. interposes.*
Why wou'd you save from me just rage so impudent a Slave?
1. *Villain. Photinus* set us on.
Phot. Unheard of Villany
My self to Kill, they did conspire with me!
But great *Antonius* is himself too just
Me on a Murd'rers malice to distrust.

Canid. Slight not too much the worst of dying here,
They who have truth [illegible]
Phot. My constant [illegible] }
So oft in Council and in Action try'd, }
This accusation cannot but [illegible] }
What is't a Murth'rer missing of his blow,
In his last rage would not both fly and do?
Can. Who dares die,
And the just Gods provoke with such a lie?
Phot. He that dares basely kill, what dares he not,
No Crime a Murtherer could deeper blot.
Can. Yet to that Crime ingratitude may add.
Phot. You speak as if my guilt you would be glad.
Ant. My friends for this untimely difcord fall
Phot. Although much wrong'd at your Command it shall
Can. I wish, Sir, to my Soldiers you would speak,
And let 'em know how well their loves you take.
Ant. I go: their Faith shall be rewarded be[illegible]
The rest shall soon repent their treachery.

[*Ex.* Ant. Cant.

Phot. Had they fought well their danger had been small,
Cou'd they not fear at first or [illegible]
Curse on all middle ways, Courage [illegible]
When once engag'd, can only [illegible] off.
But the next blow by Fate [illegible]
And I'll strike home for *Iras* and [illegible]
My person is ungraceful, I shall [illegible]
It was contriv'd for use and not for [illegible]
Besides I 'm old, that too which I am [illegible]
She may have the Ambition to forget.
This gentle Maid all other ways have try'd,
Hopeless of Love, I'll now attempt her pride.

But see she comes, and charming as new light,
Appear'd to the first Man amazed sight.

[*A noise of Drums.*

You hear how Drums and Trumpets fill the Air,
And for a Scene of Blood our Minds prepare.
Iras. 'Tis Love, vile Love, whence this Disorder springs.
Phot. The tender Parent of the frightfull'st Things.

Yet

Yet blame not Love, when to an Object ſuch,
It only harms when with Ambition mix'd;
When raging Winds raiſe Tempeſts on the Main,
The gentle Brooks creep mildly through the Plain.
'Tis only to the Great theſe Storms are known,
Photinus's Paſſion fears you ſtorm alone.
Iras. What is this Love, we never can eſtrude?
But whatſoe'r we talk of, 'twill intrude.
Phot. Of Storms the Seaman tells, of Ploughs the Hind,
Lovers in ſuch Diſcourſes eaſe their mind.
'Tis the glad buſineſs of young hearts, the pain,
The old, for their preſumption muſt ſuſtain.
Iras. Is't a Diſeaſe beauties infect their friends?
'Pray' does it ſeize you in your hearts or hands?
Phot. Sweet Innocence! it enters at the eyes,
And to the heart like ſubtle Lightning flies.
When Lovers meet it is all extaſie,
And when they part again they more than die.
Iras. How chance that I have ſtaid thus long by all?
I gaze and ſtare at every thing my fill.
The Wiſe, the Handſome, and the brave, I love,
Yet feel no pain at all when they remove.
Phot. Paſſions lye yet within your tender breaſt,
Harmleſs and weak as Eagles in the Neſt.
But Love hereafter on your hearts will prey.
Iras. If ever any one eſcap'd, I may.
Phot. 'Twere moſt unfit you ſhould, Madam, dye ſtill
Provide ſome ſovereign thing for every ill.
For Beauties wounds there hindereth is the cure?
Scorpions who cou'd without their Oil endure?
Iras If I have hurt you 'twas againſt my will.
Phot. Your Charms not like a Foe, but Weapon, kill.
Iras. Their farther ill effects I will prevent,
And of what's paſt, though innocent, repent.
I'll go where you ſhall never ſee me more.
Phot. That muſt not be, from you whom I adore,
Abſence is raging pain, preſence a Joy;
Which will at leaſt voluptuouſly deſtroy.
Iras. Wou'd you not have me go nor ſtay? What then?
This Love I ſee makes errant Fools of Men.

Phot.

Phot. Stay, gentle *Iras*; [illegible] of me,
How eaſie were it, could I [illegible]
Iras. Does no Man elſe adore me as you do?
Phot. None ever did; I'll place you on a Throne,
A Scepter may for perſonal wants atone,
Beauty and Youth, your Sexes glories are,
In Men they ſoon decay, or not appear.
Iras. I did not know you were a Prince diſguis'd:
At your new Majeſty I'm much [illegible]
Phot. I am no King.
Iras. How then ſhall I be Queen?
O I could ſtrut with *Cleopatra's* Mein [illegible]
Phot. The *Roman Emperor* a Crown beſtow.
Iras. Such Gifts may be [illegible]
Phot. So let 'em be.
Iras. But what he gives you, *Rome* [illegible]
Will take away, if *Cæſar* overcome.
Phot. My hopes, ſweet Intelligence, in *Cæſar* lye;
And ere I reign *Antonius* muſt dye.
Iras. You have but the Reverſion of a Crown,
And ere he dies how old you will be grown.
Phot. Your Youth a while may ſuch Glories wait,
But you may truſt my Love to ſerve his Fate.
Iras. Muſt I then marry [illegible]
Or be no Queen?
Phot. I'm not ſo wither'd, nor are you ſo green:
May *Charmion* will [illegible]
And when ſhe reigns your [illegible]
It works ——
Iras. No, no! my ſelf I'll have you firſt ——
To ſee her Queen I ſhould with Envy burſt.
Phot. Will ſhe then promiſe to love me alone,
When I have plac'd my *Iras* on a Throne?
Iras. I will do any thing, to be a Queen;
I could love one whom I had never ſeen. [*Enter Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. Madam, the Queen much wonders at your ſtay. [*Ex. Iras.*
Phot. She's gone, ſhe's gone, and I confeſs have more
A thouſand times to utter than before,
So inexhauſtible's a Lover's ſtore.

To

To her Ambition I her Love muſt ruin;
But Fate her youth, my age will have it ſo.
How falſe a Joy in that fair Sex he takes,
When once the hope of equal Love forſakes.

Scene the Second. *Cæſar's* Tents.

Enter Cæſar, Mecenas, *with Attendents.*

Caſ. Mecænas ſee ſtrict Diſcipline they keep
Through the whole Camp, that neither wine nor ſleep
Betray us to ſurprize: tho' Peace ſeem near,
Wiſe Pilots at the Port a Tempeſt fear.

Mecæn. Great Sir, your Soldiers find they have to do
Not with a rude unarm'd and barb'rous Crew,
But Romans like themſelves, in Conqueſt bred,
And next your ſelf, by the bold Captain led.
Their jealouſie of Fame and Love for you,
Will make 'em any thing further undo.

A ſhout of Joy.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. Antonius Legions newly are arriv'd,
And through the Camp are with loud joy receiv'd.
Tir'd with his impotent and diſtant ſway,
They now, Great Sir, will you alone obey.

Caſ. Then vaniſh all his hopes, and all my fears,
In my whole ſky of Fate, no Cloud appears:
That one black corner did a Tempeſt threat,

Agrip. You much are to *Phœnius* [illegible]
Him in the Camp, when I arriv'd I found.

Caſ. Ye Gods! why am I to a Villain bound?
Tell my new friends, I'll their Arrears will pay,
A *Roman* Emperor they ſtill obey.

Mecæn. Antonius now will any Law receive,
What from weak Foes we doubtful take, will give.
Demand the *Roman* Legions yet behind,
And that his Pow'r to *Aſia* be confin'd.

Caſ. The Man was once my Friend, my Brother ſtill:
What are theſe Thoughts that would Ambition chill?

Mecæn. Forget that name he has ſufficed ſo ill,
The Spoil of *Ægypt* will the War defray,
For a meer Peace *Rome* will repine to pay.

Enter

Enter Octavia.

Him Brother, let Ægyptian Princes call,
He has no Intereſt in our blood at all;
Since the beſt Tye he ſlights, and in her place
Does a leſs fair Ægyptian Queen embrace,
Oct. Pernicious Counſeller that does foment
A War, all but the *Parthians* would prevent.
My wrongs ſhall never thy Ambition hide,
I'll tear the Maſque of pity from thy pride.
I thought thee once deſerving thy great place,
Of *Tuſcan* Kings ſprung from the glorious race.
But thou art falſe, cruel and bloody now,
That open hatred thou durſt never ſhow.
To my dear Lord, does ſtill in malice lurk,
And on this dire Occaſion ſeeks to work.
Caſ. Siſter, your Husband I would but reclaim,
And make him worthy of your vertuous flame.
His preſent life does his paſt glory ſtain,
He makes a Queen the Partner of his Reign.
The Roman Empire he does much deface,
And with the Spoil adorns her foreign race.
Arabia where the *Nabatheans* live,
And part of *Syria* he did lately give
To their new iſſue; one he ſtiles the Moon:
To name the other, he proteſſes the Sun.
Oct. If he has given much, he conquer'd more:
His valour, for his bounty found the ſtore;
And pardon ſomewhat on a ſiſters ſcore.
Caſ. The names of Emperor and Queen they ſcorn,
And like immortal Gods themſelves adorn.
He for *Bacchus*, ſhe for *Iſis* paſs,
And in their ſhapes, the wond'ring Crowd amaze.
Oct. To Gods of their own honour leave the Care,
Since they both Jealous and Almighty are.
I fear ſo high you'll my concernments prove,
You'll break on that you never can remove.
Caſ. I underſtand no Riddles, but he ſhall
Do my *Octavia* ſudden right or fall.

The reſt I cou'd with ſmall excuſe forgive:
But under this affront I cannot live.
Oct. You ſay his other faults you cou'd forgive
Cæſ. Empire's our real quarrel, but I muſt [*Aſide.*
Her vertuous Mind with no ſuch ſecret truſt.
I could ——
Oct. Then that pretence I'll thus remove and dye: [*Stabs her ſelf.*
Still more inhumane muſt I then remain, [*Mec. interpoſes.*
The cover of your Pride and Luſt to reign.
Tho' I were dead you might your ends purſue,
But let me vaniſh from the painful view.
Mec. Not for the World ſuch vertue ſhou'd not dye,
But be intire tranſlated to the Sky.
Cæſ. I Sifter your late raſhneſs can forgive,
So you henceforth will promiſe me to live.
Mecænas ſee remov'd all means of Death,
Let Nature and not rage conclude her breath. [*Ex.* Cæſar, *Agrippa, &c.*
Oct. Peace to the World and my unhappy Lord,
My Brother but for you wou'd ſoon afford.
Mec. Condemn not actions till you know their end,
But mine perhaps will then but more offend.
Oct. I know you'll ſay 'tis brave to rule alone,
That my great Brother wou'd become that Throne.
And raiſing him you in proportion riſe,
But ſtill remember there are Deities
Above you both, juſt, pow'rful, and wiſe.
Mec. Ambition never overturn'd my mind,
I am already more than I deſign'd.
Oct. Why do you then the general peace oppoſe,
'Tis Avarice or Ambition makes Men foes.
Mec. I Madam wou'd ſome marks of courage ſhow,
And what I durſt for my great Maſter do.
Oct. Romans of Courage need no other proof,
Since to be born a Roman is enough.
Mec. 'Tis truth, but yet ——
Oct. Some unjuſt pique you bare,
My deareſt Lord, you cannot well declare,
But good *Mecænas*; for but once you were,
T'obſtruct this Treaty for my ſake forbear.

Mec. 'Tis for your sake alone, it must not be.
Oct. If it be good for *Rome*, regard not Me.
Mec. Y'are Sister to my Emperor and Friend,
My utmost care, must your concerns attend:
I do not as you think confusion seek,
Nor keep I to your Lord a secret pique:
But if this Treaty be confirm'd to day,
I must at *Rome*, and you in *Asia* stay.

Oct. It is the part of the whole World I'd chuse,
And gaining Him, what is't I care to loose.
Mec. Ah Madam, seem less vertuous or less fair,
Who can behold you and not vengeance swear.
Such suffering goodness will Mankind ingage,
And on *Antonius* pull their publick rage.
Oct. This to the Sister of your Emperor;
Mec. This to the only Beauty I adore:
Beyond my patience you have rack'd my breast,
And my deep guilt at last must be confest.
I love you, Madam——
Oct. My next request you'l then not disallow.
Mec. Speak it, and I a blind Obedience vow.
Oct. Let me then die for I have liv'd too long,
And heard of Love in my *Antonius*'s wrong.
Mec. Not in his wrong! 'Till the reversion wait,
And live like Heirs in hope of an Estate.
Oct. Your word to quit recall. My Death I claim.
Mec. From me who both your Guard and Lover am.
Oct. I not the stroke but means of Death require:
By my own hand I noblest shall expire.
Will you then promise to promote the peace.
Mec. You offer poison, to my known Disease;
But from those hands I nothing can refuse.
I'll ruine all my hopes, so you will live:
Oct. Yes, I will live, but not an hour survive.
My dear *Antonius* him you must preserve,
If ought you from *Octavia* would deserve——
Mec. Whom, whilst he lives I never can enjoy,
And if he dies she will her self destroy.
"I am undone, obey or disobey!
"I needs must perish, but may chuse my way. [*Ex. omnes*

ACT III.

Scene the First. *Cæsar's* Tents.

Enter *Cæsar*, *Mecænas*, *Agrippa*.

Cæsar. THe *Asian* now with double Taxes preſt,
His ſlothful Days and drunken Nights deteſt;
Buffoons and Players chiefly have his ear:
He dares not the free tongues of *Romans* hear:
To marry Whores to Fencers is his ſport,
And with their Iſſue throng his loathed Court.
" Now lewd *Cytheris* has a greater Train,
Than his own Mother or his Wife maintain.
From ſuch a Foe as this what can we fear!
In whom all ſymptoms of loſt pow'r appear.

Mecæn. The flatt'ring *Greeks* his eaſie nature praiſe;
But on the reſt he heavy burthens lays.
In drunken Bounty, for a riotous treat,
He gave his Fav'rite Cook a ſpacious Street:
Men ſay no hour dares move without its Feaſt,
Which is for their fantaſtick pallats dreſt.
Now muſt the riſing Sun their Riot view,
Which the next day prevents the Evening dew.
" In every draught they ſome rich Gem conſume,
" And ſpend a private Fortune in one Room.

Cæſ. Empire, of pains and virtue, the ſlow fruit,
How ill doſt thou with vice and riot ſuit?
Cinna was bloody, *Marius* unjuſt,
Tarquin and *Appius* raging in their Luſt:
Lucullus was luxurious, loud his eaſe,
Thus on each man his ſingle vice did ſeize!
But all theſe faults are in *Antonius* met.

Mecæn. His Court with *Aſian* Flatt'rers is fill'd,
And Lying *Greeks* the only Servants held.

These serve the turns of Hotons delight,
Whilst *Romans* only are thought fit to fight.

Agrip. Example is a living Law, which sway,
Men more than all the written Laws obey.
Princes of all men therefore shou'd take care,
How in their manners they the Crowd enfnare.
But above all his dotage on the Queen
Employs my wonder: Was it ever seen
A Woman rul'd an Emperor till now?
What Horse the Mare, what Bull obeys the Cow?
Nature that Monster Love does disavow:
In all her kinds only fantastick Man
Finds ways of folly which no other can.

Mecæn. He that will vilify the pow'r of Love,
In the first place let him our Gods reprove,
Who oft their heavenly Mantions have forsook,
And the mean shapes of Birds and Beasts have took,
To pursue Mortals in an amorous way,
And form their glorious Image in our clay.

Agrip. The God that lov'd, what Nymph yet ever rul'd?
He was again a God, his Lust once cool'd:
Had Womens will our good or ill procur'd,
The World had never half so long endur'd.
The high embrace fill'd all their spacious thought,
And proofs of kindness were no farther sought.

Cæs. Th'unable sure, the ugly, or the old,
First in affairs of Love, made use of Gold.
Then Princes to out bid 'em threw in pow'r,
Now heart for heart's the Traffick of the Poor.

Agrip. Women should sit like idle Passengers,
While the tall Ship some able Seamen steers.
Wisdom, high Courage, Piety are vain,
If o'er the Wise and brave a Woman reign.
And this *Antonius*'s conduct has made plain.

Cæs. 'Tis time the insur'd World we should redeem
From a mans sway so lost in her esteem.

Agrip. What is success in Arms if Conquering *Rome*
By Troops of *Asian* Vices be o'ercome.

Cæs. To set all right I must be absolute,
My least commands None daring to dispute:

The *Rome's*

Rome's desp'rate state can never find redress,
But from a pow'r as able to oppress;
Whilst for the publick good my pow'r I use,
Seeing my end Men will the means excuse.
Th' Omnipotence of Gods, who thinks too great,
Since men below they with compassion treat.

Agrip. But envy does all morral pow'r attend:
Men fear the means, and still suspect the end.
He that can hurt, who answers but he will?
Men pass in fear by sleeping Lyons still.
Empire is safest moderately great,
And death unseen does on Ambition wait.

Cæs. He that can do no ill, can do no good,
And if in one, in both may be withstood.
The actions of a Tyrant I abhor,
But as things stand I cannot want the pow'r.

Agrip. Our Laws the art of ruling best contain;

Mecæn. Fools find it there, wise Princes in their Brain.

Agrip. Pow'r long possest few Princes care to quit,
But give it up for others to abuse.
From *Phœbus*'s self the World no harm'd run,
But cou'd not bear one day his Wanton Son:
He through new ways the flaming Chariot drove,
And all was fear below, and fire above.

Cæs. I to no *Phaeton* will the reins commit,
Nor in inglorious ease a moment sit:
I'll see the Common-wealth no mischief take,
And do and suffer all things for her sake.

Mecæn. Rome on your vertue leans her aged head,
As old *Anchises* on *Æneas* did,
And thinks she may with ease when propt by you,
Factions at Home, and Foes abroad subdue.
You, whom the general voice of *Rome* does hold,
Bolder than Youth, and wiser than the Old.

Agrip. The name of Common-wealth is popular,
And every *Cæsar* may his *Brutus* fear.

Mecæn. Romans that hatch'd so dire Murder so reveng'd,
It shews the thoughts of a Republick chang'd.

Cæs. Men die of Agues, too much heat or cold,
And others grow ridiculous old. [*Exeunt Cæs. Oct. Mecænas Agrip.*

The

The thoughts of human chance ſhould make us bold.
I'll ſeize the Empire, which I die or hold.
Agrip. Born under Kings our Father conquer'd Nations,
And with their blood the Godlike treaſure bought,
We their vile iſſue in our chains delight,
And born to freedom for our Tyrants fight. [*Exit.* Agrip.

Scene the Second. The Palace.

Enter *Antonius*, *Canidius*, *Photinus*.

Can. For what Sir, muſt we then prepare?
Thyreus! does he bring us Peace or War?
Anto. He offers Peace but upon terms to fight,
At the great rate I'd not an Empire buy,
My former gifts I meanly muſt refuſe,
And give accounts of all my acts to *Rome*.
My Faithful friends from their Commands remove,
And place ſuch as the Senate ſhall approve.
Can. True friends diſplac't will pardon your deſtreſs,
And tho' your pow'r——
Anto. A Pageant pow'r and Empire but in Name,
True Empire only thoſe great Souls enjoy,
Who can in what, and whom they pleaſe employ,
And without leave from *Rome* a Crown beſtow,
Exalt a Friend, and trample on a Foe.
This by your Love and Arms I once atchiev'd,
Nor will be of it but by Arms depriv'd.
Can. Ambition is the Dropſy of the Soul,
Whoſe thirſt we muſt not yield to but controul,
Anto. Some Drudg of State may a leſs power eſteem,
And ruling many, let a few rule him;
Mean Slave to them, high Tyrant to the reſt,
With fear and pride at once defile his breaſt.
By *Hercules* I won't it any here
Think that a Courſe too deſp'rate I ſteer,
Let him retire, and his own fears obey.
Canid. The Gods well know my fears are all for you,
And your moſt daring thoughts ſhall find me true:
It is not *Ceſar*, nor our blow at Sea,
That to theſe terms incline me to agree,

But

But 'tis the Love of *Rome* which you have loſt,
And that your Sons here and Lover have coſt.
Ant. Cæſar and I were never friends,
And only hung together for our ends:
Yet in this Cauſe this Tongue an Army rais'd,
And made *Rome* hate that deed the late had prais'd.
Brutus and *Caſſius* felt the deadly ſting;
And all to make *Octavius* more than King.
So blindly did I act, ſo little ſee,
Into the dark Decrees of Deſtiny.
The Common-wealth for him I overthrew,
Now in effect he claims my Empire too.
Phot. The Shell he leaves, the Kernell takes away,
You, Sir, muſt him, as others, you obey.
Ant. He wou'd a ſway pretend over my Love,
And teach my free affections where to move.
To my embrace his Siſter I muſt take,
And my beſt Queen ingratefully forſake.
Can. That Siſter is your Wife.
Ant. So let her be
From paſt engagements, preſent Love, ſet free.
Hymen is but the Vulgars Deity.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, *Egyptians*.

Cleop. O my *Antonius*, how I fear this Peace!
And muſt I to *Octavia* yield my place?
I love you ſo, that very ſound wou'd kill,
And leave you free the promiſe to fulfil.
Ant. Were I to gain the Empire of mankind,
And for that pow'r Eternity aſſign'd;
I cou'd not to the hateful change conſent,
Nor my beſt Queen ſo barbarouſly quit.
Cleop. But your *Octavius*'s loving, young, and fair,
And ſuch a Rival! how can I but fear?
Ant. Her Hymen never did a Moment pleaſe,
The hard Condition of a needful Peace:
From every part I ſaw the growing ſtorm,
A ſudden ſhelter in her arms I took,
Which when 'twas over I again forſook.
Cleop. And can you for My ſake take a War ſuſtain?
Her Brother's friendſhip and Her Love diſdain?

Ant.

Ant. All hearts a like, all facts do not move,
There is a ſecret Sympathy in Love
The pow'rful Loadſtone, cannot move a Straw,
No more than Jet, the trembling Needle draw,
Your Beauty only on my Heart can act,
All other ways, it is in vain attaqu'd.

Cleop. Sure of this War I am the meer pretence,
How can our Love, to *Rome* give ſuch offence?
She ſhou'd revenge the Ghoſt of *Craſſus* ſlain,
And haughty *Babel* level with the Plain,
But let in *Egypt*, Love and Pleaſure reign.

Ant. Rome like her Eagles, did on Rapine thrive,
I am the firſt that taught her how to Give.

Cleop. What y' have preferr'd me or plac'd on Mine,
I to that griping Senate here reſign,
I never did the gifts but Giver prize,
Some new pretence of War, let in deviſe,
All but your ſelf I for your ſake can quit;
For you I did my Crown and Fame forget;
And can you now weigh coldly what is fit?

Can. Turn my beſt Maſter, from her charming Tongue,
'Tis hard to think ſuch Beauty in the wrong;
Yet if you don't, we are for ever loſt.

Ant. I have reſolv'd: to *Cæſar* I will ſend,
If he his Grace will to the Queen extend,
And let the Crown upon her Sons deſcend.
I'll kill my ſelf, and rid him of his Foe,
If not, the laſt extreams I'll undergo.

Can. What *Roman* will that hateful Meſſage bear?

Cleop. Let us intreat, we may at *Athens* live,
And taſt what joys a private Life can give:
Leaving our greatneſs and our pomp behind,
We ſhall in Love ſincerer pleaſures find.
But whither am I wrapt? fond thoughts be gone,
And melt ſome tender Virgin of low race,
You are below a heart that wears a Crown,
Where Life, Love, all muſt to Renown give place.

Ant. Soldiers, when old or from the Wars diſcharge,
But Fate her Drudges never lets at large:
The heigher place they fill, the greater Slaves,
Princes have no retirement but their Graves,

My equal pow'r this *Cæsar* cannot bear,
His Soldiers want my Provinces to share;
Unactive *Lepidus* he has laid aside,
And will no longer with the World divide;
Whose doubtful Title must by Arms be try'd.

Enter Thyreus.

But see *Thyreus* here ——
He has some Message for your private Ear,
Which I without a jealous pang can bear.

Can. She is a Woman, Sir, and when y'are gone,
By *Cæsar*'s Offers may be wrought upon.

Ant. Jealous! yet truly honest! 'Tis strange how
In thy plain mind such wild Infusions grow,
I will return before their Conference end,
But on her Love entirely I depend. [*Ex. Ant. Canid.*

Thyr. Madam! my Master's gracious as he's great,
Sees how y'are forc't t'allow this short Retreat,
To his proud Foe, and does himself excuse,
That Aid perhaps you could not well refuse;
The Ruines of a Roman Emperor,
In her own Kingdom may a Queen o'er pow'r.

Cleop. I first was summon'd as *Rome*'s haughty Name,
Ere I into *Antonius* pretence came.
Brutus and his I was accus'd to Aid,
But soon acquitted and her Ally made;
Since in *Antonius* I have *Rome* obey'd.

Thyr. If any Ally of *Rome* you shou'd disclaim,
The Man, whom she does Foe and Traytor name.

Cleop. Those very Titles She Great *Cæsar* gave,
And yet anon obeys him like a Slave.
On the success of War, her Voice depends,
The distant Foes she stiles the present Friends.
Let others from *Antonius*'s fortune fly,
I will support or in their ruine lye.

Thyr. His Soldiers have another fence declar'd,
And are to storm this stubborn Town prepar'd.

Cleop. Base Mercenary Souls that fight for Pay,
To morrow Kill, whom they defend to day:
But Princes Minds on Springs of Honour move,
And what can they not do, wound up by Love?

Thyr.

Phot. If not your self, your Friends of Sabella's Love,
They neither love so well, nor are so brave.
Cleop. Despair shall make those Wonders Villains bold,
While by worse fears, the fear of Death's controul'd.
I'll *Rome* provoke beyond all hope of grace,
Then in their Arms, they must their Safety place.
Phot. They'l sooner take those Arms up and Rebel ——
Cleop. *Antonius* Soldiers will finde Tumults quell.
The People ever discontented are;
Their Crouds were made to be the food of War;
Thyr. *Cæsar* is pleas'd ——
You shou'd keep all the Realms of which y'are seiz'd,
Some little to deserve this you must do.
Cleop. Desert propos'd e're from a mortal Foe?
Thyr. Give us but entrance in the dead of night,
We all will spare who are not hard in fight,
Like *Cæsar*, *Cleopatra* shall command,
Antonius falls into a Brother's hand.
Cleop. Who will revenge the Scorn his Sister finds;
Are these your deep, your generous Designs?
Thyr. You but precipitate the Event of Things,
And by that act a Sea of blood might spare;
I have a step beyond my Orders made,
Which were but to propose, not to perswade.
But who can see such Beauty in distress,
And not the utmost of his thoughts express?
Cleop. In Fates which I fear but one event,
And that your self will how you may prevent.
Thyr. What is it, Madam? will you hear me swear,
You trust your secret to a Lover's ear,
One that has long, and privately been sad
Cleop. Sir to make Peace, your offers from *Cæsar* send,
But make not Love; the last is Compliment.
If *Cæsar* take this Town by force (as sure),
Swear to inform, what he will do with me.
Thyr. 'Tis not resolv'd, for as I serve I will ——
Cleop. Then sound him daily with your utmost skill
Thyr. But is this all?
In some design that might your Love deserve

This for you meaneſt Slave I had perform'd.

Cleop. 'Tis all of which I care to be inform'd —

Thyr. My Offers, Madam —

Cleop. They are ſuch as ſhow,

Romans but ill of th' hearts of Monarchs know.

But on your promiſe may a Queen rely?

Enter Antonius, Canidius *officers, and Soldiers.*

Thyr. You may: but doubt not *Cæſar's* Clemency;

Your Crown and Perſon, tho' provok'd he'll ſpare,

Conqueſt and Ruin will reſpect the Fair,

What may n't ſuch Beauty hope, nor it is new,

That he who rules the World ſhould bow to you.

Ant. By Heaven, at Complement? I'll pauſe a while

And ſee this ſubtil Scene of Womans guile.

Cleop. My Fates worſe Face you will not then diſguiſe,

I can behold it with undanted Eyes.

Thyr. And may it prove as charming as your own;

Cleop. I fear you will forget me, when y' are gone!

Thyr. I ſware upon my Knees and by that Hand

Whoſe every touch, my ſoul leaps up to meet:

Let me once more th' inſtructing lipps repeat,

Like the firſt drop which Man in fevers taſte,

It to a deeper draught but makes me haſte

Thus ſtarving Men, think every thing a feaſt,

Whil'ſt ſome with taſtleſs plenty lie oppreſſed!

O that I were *Antonius* but one day!

Ant. Slave from that poſture throw that ſlave aſide,

But be my Wraths immediate ſacrifice!

Can. Hold, Sir, your Sword you ſhall not raſhly ſtain;

What hopes of Peace Ambaſſadors once ſlain?

Ant. Ambaſſador of Love the Villain came:

And 'mongſt affairs of State he names his Flame:

He Kiſt her Hand, ſome charming Meſſage ſure,

At leaſt of half my Empire. She ſhall

Which ſhe perhaps muſt with my Life repay,

Theſe are the Bargains made while I'm away:

'Tis more than Madneſs to believe that you

Falſe to my Love, are true to my Enemies!

Cleop. I falſe to you!

Ant,

Ant. By *Hercules* you stay, and had I stay'd,
None knows the faithless gallantry you had made:
Cleop. What is it that so strange Asteems in me?
He kiss my Hand in taking of his leave,
'Tis a respect that Queens from all receive.
Ant. The eager Kiss, no Lover can mistake,
It extasie and sudden rapture spake,
Those of respect are of a colder make:
Ye Gods! he swore by't perhaps endless Love,
Or that he wou'd your Mediator prove.
Cleop. Ask him! his offers I have all refus'd,
And yet of falsehood live to be accus'd
By you, for whom I suffer, is this just?
One minute, brings long Faith into Distrust.
Ant. Minutes may ruine what in Ages rose,
Like Thunder, Love in instants overthrows,
He has disturb'd me. And he shall be whipt,
Canidius see he instantly be strip't.
Can. If thus you trample on all *Roman* Laws,
What *Roman* is there that will own your Cause?
The Law of Nations too does this withstand,
To any thing that's brave, I'll lend my hand,
But stir to no such infamous command.
Ant. Seize the bold Tyrant.
Sould. Will you have him dead?
Say but the word, this minute he is dead.
Ant. There's a true Servant to his Master's will,
Whom I condemn, he questions not to kill.
Thyr. With this affront if you dar't glut thy hate,
No pow'r on earth can save the falling state;
Cæsar will take revenge ——
Ant. Away, away ——
And my command see strictly you obey.
Cleop. I do not know that I a smile misplac't,
Frown'd where you frown'd, and where you lik't I grac't.
Not Wealth to Misers, Honour to the Brave,
Health to the Sick, or Freedom to the Slave,
Cou'd be more welcome than your Love to Me,
Then think how fair, the cruel change must be;
Ant. What Change?

Cleop.

Cleop. How can you ask, while this diſtruſt appears?
Diſtruſt, the firſt decay of Love in years.
What we deſire we eaſily believe,
Love on the ſmoother ſide does ſtill deceive.
Ant. Your Lover ſhall be whipt, and as you bear
That, I ſhall think you criminal or clear.
Cleop. Not to the Man, but to his Character,
Such an affront I wiſh you would forbear.
It is a deed that might amaze the Sun,
And by the rudeſt People yet undone:
In all the Travels of his fruitful light,
He has not met ſo barbarous a ſight;
Ambaſſadors are ſacred near the Gods,
Above your Axes place as well as Rods.
Ant. Obſerve how, leſt I change his puniſhment,
All ways of my revenge he would prevent,
He may not die ——
Cleop. Nor ſhan't, unleſs your hate,
All human Laws reſolve to violate.
Then kill me firſt.

Enter Photinus *in haſt.*

Phot. The Cities up, the Soldiers Mutiny,
And all ——long live the good *Pompey*.
Ant. My *Romans* take and charge 'em luſtily.
Phot. What they demand, perhaps you'll not refuſe.
Ant. How e'er their Inſolence I'll now excuſe.
Canid. Good Sir, abroad you know we want no foes,
This inward ſtrife methinks we might compoſe:
Octavius's work our ſelves, let us not do.
Cleop. My People Sir, I hope you'll not deſtroy,
Whoſe lives I for your ſervice, wou'd employ.
Photinus ſay their Queen bids 'm begon,
And truſt our Love, what's fitting ſhall be done.

Enter Meſſengers.

Meſſ. Your *Romans*, Sir, join with th'unruly crow'd,
And to defend th'Ambaſſador, have vow'd:
They ſay a *Roman* never ſhall be whipt,
While Sword or Spear a Man can hit.
1. *Meſſ.* They have by this the Caſtle Walls broke down,
2. *Meſſ.* And ſet *Thyreus* ſafe without the Town.

Ant.

Ant. Draw up my Guards, if I have yet a Friend;
This Tumult shall in death [illegible]
What must *Octavius* conclude of me?
If whom I once imprison, they let free.
Cleop. They have done right by [illegible]
Tempests sometimes drives Ships into the Port.

Ant. The Rabble is a thing below my hate,
But my own *Romans* I will decimate.

Enter Lucilius *Captain of the Vant.*

Luc. For what is done, I singly am to blame:
The rest but on my call and credit came.
Ant. What mov'd thee [illegible] thou shalt dye;
In thee I'll punish the whole Mutiny.
Luc. I saw my General about to flie,
By one rash act, his life and Glories fall.
Th' unconstant Rabble to my side I gain'd,
And spight of him, his Honour gave maintain'd.
Ant. What art thou?
Luc. A *Roman.*
Ant. No more?
Luc. In *Brutus*'s Camp some small Command I bore:
Subdu'd by Arms, since by your Kindness won,
I am resolv'd your utmost fate to run.
If my late service grieve you, take my head;
The common path of Love I never tread.
Brutus, to save my self, like him I flatter'd;
So fell I in your hands, and he escap'd.
Ant. Lucilius?
Luc. The same, my Int'rest command.
Antonius shall both rule my heart and hand.
Ant. Discharge the Rabble you have us'd in this. [*They shout.*
Luc. They humbly sue you'll pardon what's amiss.
They are return'd, and now with shouts of joy;
They beg you wou'd their Swords and Lives employ.
Ant. Most willingly, just Heaven, what am I,
Whom the rude People, [illegible] Humanity? [*Ex.*

ACT.

ACT IV.

Scene the First. *Cæsar's* Tents.

Enter *Cæsar*, *Agrippa*, *Mecænas*.

Cæsar. MY Offers scorn'd! Ambassadors abus'd!
Yet he of Pride unjustly is accus'd.

Mec. Thyreus was ill chose, he long has been
A secret Servant to the *Egyptian* Queen.
What if I went with terms more moderate?
I, who am less obnoxious to his hate.

Cæs. This Offer now the danger grows to near,
In a man less known, should take for fear.

Agrip. his insolence no longer I defend,

Cæs. See here the Challenge he has sent to send. [*Agrip. reads.*

Agrip. In single Combat let our Princes fight,
With Armies Emperors dispute their right.

Cæs. Like him, I *Roman* blood would gladly spare,
And to a Combat would contract the War.
My youth, and unfoil'd strength, may Conquest claim
Over this Shadow of a mighty Name.
Now prest with Age, and with Debauches worn,
Th' unequal Combat I not fear, but scorn.

Agrip. He like an aged Oak in *Autumn* shows,
From whose dry Arms some Leaves each minute blows;
One King or Ally, still forsake his side,
His Empire ebbs like a declining Tide.
Have patience, Sir, he of himself must fall,
Who in despair does for the Combat call.

Cæs. To a brave Death I'll open him the way;
See an Assault be made without delay.
I at my Armies head shall soon appear,
And if he dares, he may engage me there.

Enter *Octavia*.

Octav. O Brother! if that name have yet a Pow'r,
And be not lost in that of Emperor:

Pity

Pity my ſad eſtate, [illegible]
On both ſides mourning, [illegible]
The World divided in their [illegible]
My ſelf alone ſtabb'd through on every hand,
A Brother here! There muſt a Husband fall;
On the juſt Gods I know not how to call!
No chance of War can with my mind comply;
But I muſt weep at either's Victory.

Caſ. If I o'ercome, your Husband I will ſpare.

Oct. He will not ſpare himſelf, I more than fear,
Should he prevail, th' *Egyptian* Queen will ſway;
Whom you, and I, and he, muſt all obey.
His am'rous heart muſt [illegible] will,
And whom ſhe frowns on, [illegible] kill.
You to Ambition muſt a *Pillar* bleed,
And from my hated Title to his bed,
Muſt *Cleopatra* in my Death be freed;
And haughty *Rome* acknowledge a vain Queen,
Or be of Civil Arms th' [illegible]

Caſ. He doth all terms of Accommodation ſlight:
There nothing now remains but that we fight.
He's now a meer ſoft Purple *Aſian* Prince;
And *Rome* his Empire has diſown'd long ſince.

Oct. Ingrateful *Rome!* how muſt ungrateful you!
Can you forget whom *Caſar* [illegible]
Who firſt to *Rome* a *Parthian* Triumph ſhow'd,
And the long Pride of that great Empire bow'd?
Who the firſt *Caſar* made, revenge[illegible] his death,
And fixt that Empire, which he did bequeath,
On you almoſt unknown; Who'd they receive,
Baſe Natures hate; and Love but where they give.

Caſ. Go ſerve th' *Egyptian*, learn to dreſs her head;
Your ſlighted Love, and your neglected Bed,
Can you forget; and fully [illegible]
The Man with kindneſs, who deſpiſes you?
I ſhou'd my ſelf ſcorn [illegible]
'Tis as abſurd, as if the [illegible]

Oct. Wives (like good Subjects, made to Tyrants bow)
To Husbands, though unjuſt, [illegible] owe:

They were for Freedom made, Obedience We,
Courage their vertue, ours is Chastity.
Reason it self in us must not be bold,
Nor decent Custom be by Wit controul'd:
On our own heads we desperately stray,
And are still happiest, the vulgar way.

Cæs. Who ever did such Moral Nonsence hear?
My Sister sure is turn'd Philosopher.
But we *Antonius*'s Pride will soon pull down;
This hour shall give me his whole life's renowne.
I the long trade of Fame disdain to drive;
But to the Top will at one step arrive.

Octav. Since then my prayers and tears can nothing gain,
In the Foes Camp no longer I'll remain.
The Arms I hate, my presence shall not grace;
Antonius's Cause I'll openly embrace.
To *Rome* I'll go, and all thy acts disown,
Make thy Ambition, and thy Falshood known
To every *Roman* of the Sword and Gown,
Till th'art more hated far than *Cæsalove*,
Than *Scilla*, *Marius*, or the *Tarquins* Line,
Some will for Freedom, some *Antonius* fight,
And against Thee both Parties I'll unite;
Amongst thy Foes I like a Spark will fall,
And to a sudden Flame convert 'em all.

Cæs. You would not sure my Love so ill repay.

Octav. Your Love! your Pride and endless Thirst of sway.
To gain my Friends, my Quarrel you pretend,
But universal Empire is your end.
Rome's once great *Senate* now is but a name;
While some with fear, and some with Bribes you tame.
Men learn at Court what they must there repeat,
And for Concurrence, not for Counsel meet.
At least all such as think of being great
They blindly labour at their own ill fate,
And dig up by the roots the tottering State.

Cæs. Against *Antonius*'s Rites they declare,
And I at their Commands now wage this War.

Octav. Dull Long-grown Statesmen you may feel that Sword
Which thus you whet against my injur'd Lord.

When

When *Cæsar* wills a Law, for all your Rules,
It will be better taught in Camps, than Schools.

Cæs. Your fears distract you, or you must
Your hopes of happiness depend on me.
'Tis my success must make *Antonius* find
The dire effect of an unbridled mind.

Octav. Who ever did an Emperor reform?
Scarce Heav'n it self can that great Task perform.

Cæs. Heaven chuses me the fittest instrument,
And on that glorious *Task* I'm wholly bent.

Octav. Is't thus *Mecænas*, you promote the Peace?
But you ne'er meant, and promis'd but to please.

Mec. All that I durst, I have already said;
I urg'd him till he thought I was afraid.
But where such Beauty, and such Goodness fail;
What other Intercession can prevail?

Octav. Mecænas, I no Complements expect.
From one, who does my first Commands neglect.

Mec. Men that like me have giv'n their Passions vent,
Are never after held indifferent.
Hatred, or Love, pursues the bold attempt;
It meets with a return, or with contempt.
I fear the latter is *Mecænas's* lot.

Octav. I charge you, never entertain me more
With that false Love which hath so little pow'r.
Your breach of Word, I easily forgive,
I'm free, and am not now oblig'd to live.
Nor will I long, the first attack survive. [*She weeps.*

Mec. A sound like that, what Lover can indure?
I'll move once more, shou'd I his Fame procure.
Ah Sir, your weeping Beauteous Sister view;
Then if you can, her Husband's life pursue.
Such softness might an angry God disarm,
And from his hand, the thunderbolt charm.

Cæs. What means *Mecænas* softned in her tears?
Another Man he to my eyes appears,
Where is that Soul bids me be Absolute,
And the dissenting World with Swords confute.
Move forwards still, and spread my Conquering Arms,
As far as *Cinthia* lights, or *Phœbus* warms.

Met. I can no more, you your own Cause must plead;
I wou'd, but can't against my self perswade;
Tho unsuccessful my endeavours were,
It was some Merit to obey so far.

Enter Messengers.

Mess. The Enemy preventing our Attack,
Does a fierce Sally on our Forces make.
Our formost Troops the warm ingagement shun,
And to *Canidius* his Old Soldiers run.
Cæs. Then be your Tent your Poison for a while. [*To Octavia.*
Now let us seize the Lyon in our Toil. —— *Ex Omnes.*

Scene the Second. A Wood.

Enter *Antonius*, *Canidius*, *Photinus*, at one door, *Agrippa*, *Thyreus* at the other, Fighting.

Ant. Turn back *Thyreus*; 'tis *Antonius* calls;
The Queen now sees thee flying from our Walls.
Think on that shame, and it must warm thy heart,
And do not from a single Rival start.
Thyr. A Thought like that, were all Mankind my Foes,
Wou'd send me headlong amongst all their Blows.
Ant. He dies of Mine that dares to interpose.
Thyr. Of Mine he is my basest Foe that does. { *They fight,* { *Thyr. falls*
Love, thou art last, art just, and having made
My Life a Burthen, help'st me to unlade:
If he o'recome, Let *Cleopatra* know,
She must to *Rome* in *Cæsars* triumph go.
So now my promise to the Queen is paid,
The first and last Command I ever had.
Ant. Then all my Fears were false.
Thyr. False as my hopes,
Or the short vigor which my Being props.
The Queen was Cruel and thy Sword was Kind.
Ant. Thou didst attempt her Villain:
Thyr. Yes I did,
And with my dying Breath I boast the Deed. *Dies.*
Ant. What words for to appease her shall I find?

Jealousie

Jealouſie for ever from my Soul remove,
Thou magnifying Glaſs to erring Lovers,
Thou Viper like, doſt the young Teeth employ,
And wou'dſt that Love, which gave the Birth, deſtroy.

Enter Cæſar *and* Mecœnas.

Cæſ. Charge you *Canidius* with your Troops, whilſt I
Againſt *Antonius* ſelf my Fortune try.
Here is the utmoſt bound of thy ſucceſs,
The Ocean may as ſoon his limits paſs,
As thou this ſpot of Earth whereon we ſtand.
Ant. You ſpeak as you had Thunder in your hand,
The Gods! Heaven! Hell and Fate at your command;
Which if thou hadſt I'd not one ſtep retire:
But one by one, their Prodigies wou'd tire. [Cæſar *is beaten back.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. You muſt not ſtay your fortune to purſue,
Agrippa's got between the Town and you;
Which Stratagem when *Cleopatra* found,
She Sally'd out, and is incompaſt round.
Photinus ſtays behind to awe the Town,
And keeps thoſe of the popular Faction down.
Ant. My Queen ingag'd! To her relief let's fly,
Death has more Charms near her, than Victory.
Me in her Cauſe, the Legions that withſtand,
Muſt fall like Corn, before the Reapers Hand.
Can. Muſt we again a Victory forgo;
This Queen was born to be our Overthrow.
Ant. What it's you mutter? Follow me or die.
Can. My Life you'd ſooner wave behalf than I:
Take it, for 'tis to me an hourly pain,
Follies of Friends are nothing to the ſlain.
But whilſt I live, methinks you ſhou'd purſue,
Retiring Foes and Victory in view.
Ant. I cannot ſtoop to argue, but obey;
And till my Queen be ſafe, let Conqueſt ſtay.

Scene

Scene the Third. A Wood.

[*He discovers* Agrippa's *Army, and the Queen taken.*

Ant. By *Hercules* she's ta'en! So have I seen the Dove,
Under the Pounce of eager Falcons move
O! that I were my self the Dart I throw,
For now, all other Motion seems too slow.

[Ant. *rescues the Queen. Charges through* Agrippa's *Army.* Agrip. *Retreats to the Town.*

Augures and Entrails, Boys and Quails you lie!
And I henceforth your Omens will defie.
Call'd by his Name, may such still prosp'rous be,
While thus the Gods give Victory to Me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Photinus *as within the Town.*

Phot. They are engag'd by this; now is the Time,
And all things seem propitious to my Crime.
Let Fools the Fame of Loyalty divide;
Wise men and Gods are on the strongest side.
The Town is wholly left to my Command,
To make 'em rise I need but shake my hand;
They're prone to Mutiny. Their Queen they hate,
And shew all signs of a distemper'd State. [*They shout.*
But hark already they are up and rore,
Like an high Sea that scorns its wonted Shore.

Enter Iras.

But see fair *Iras* whose bright form in Tears,
Like Sun shine mixt with sudden Rain appears.
Iras. Photinus! Oh the Queen! The Queen is gone.
And we that stay behind are all undone.
The Palace flames; *Memnon* and *Chilax* rage,
And all the *Egyptians* on their side engage.
Phot. Fear nothing, Madam, never was a time,
When Innocence and Beauty were a Crime:
Each shout you hear, your greatness does advance;
Nor is this Mutiny, th' effect of Chance.
But my design ——

Through

Through Craggy ways we for a while muſt tread:
But gentle *Iras* to a Throne they lead:
Ah! Cou'd I make you Kind as well as Great,
Photinus happineſs were then Compleat.
Iras. All other Forms I'll ſtudy to forget:
And think how much I'm to your Love in debt:
Antillus is a young gay handſome Man,
Yet to pleaſe you, I'll hate him if I can:
He ſtill like you lies ſqueezing of my hand,
Hangs o'er my Neck, and from me will not ſtand.
Phot. Ye Gods! She loves and knows not yet diſguiſe!
The happy Name, flaſhe at her youthful Eyes,
Iras. The Manly Gown when he did firſt put on,
He was more gaz'd at than *Caſarion*.
But for all that I will not love him tho,
'Tis ſo long ſince I have forgot him now ——
Phot. Our Serpents though new born are poyſonous ſtill,
And Women ne'er ſo young have Craft and Guile.
She has forgot him! Oh that I cou'd Her!
Too plain, but yet too ſtrong I ſee the ſnare.
I got my Rival to *Armenia* ſent,
His Name returns, and ruins my content.
Iras. You ſeem diſturb'd ——
Phot. Falſe and Inhumane ——
Iras. What are you mad?
What is it I have done! What have I ſaid!
Phot. Thou haſt for ever robb'd me of my reſt.
Iras. By all my hopes to reign I love you beſt.
Phot. Ay, there's your love to me.
But that for him how ill you do contain?
Iras. For whom? I underſtand you not, be plain.
Phot. Why for *Antillus*? Your young Gay Delight.
Iras. May I not name, but I muſt love him ſtraight?
Phot. The Works ſoon done with Wind and Tide they move;
Whom equal Years and Thoughts diſpoſe to love.
And to ſay truth I ſtand condemn'd within,
That I did ever an Addreſs begin
To you, whom Beauty and ſuch Youth adorn,
I preſt with Age, for Toil, not Pleaſure born!
And every way the Object of your Scorn.

Go

Go to *Antillus*! Fly into his Arms,
And meet with equal heart, and equal Charms.
Whilst my ambition I henceforth purſue,
And recompence thoſe Joys I loſe in you.

Iras. He wou'd not have me if I wou'd, I fear,
He's great and may expect a Kingdoms Heir.

Phot. She fears he wou'd not have her —— Oh juſt Heaven!
I to the laſt extremity am driven.
She'll ask me ſure anon to joyn their hands.

Iras. All thoughts of me your ſelf you have reſign'd,
And I may now to whom I pleaſe be kind.

Phot. All thoughts of you! I cou'd reſign my breath
With half the pain ——

Iras. Some other Maid you purpoſe to make Queen,
And I but flatter'd, and abus'd, have been.

Phot. My Love, a fierce Convulſion did endure,
And in the pain I talkt I know not what;
But reſt for ever of that heart ſecure,
Where too much Love did the ſhort ſtorm create.

Enter a Servant

Serv. The Caſtle is beſet, and all have vow'd,
To ſtain their Weapons in your treacherous blood.

Phot. Step in a while: They that will riſe muſt wait,
And at each Throw aſſiſt their lab'ring fate —— *Ex. Iras.*
Let 'em all enter, no reſiſtance make,
I can die gladly for my Country's ſake.

Enter Memnon *and* Chilax *with the Rabble.*

What it's my honeſt Country-men demand?
You need not ask, with weapons in your hand.

Memn. Thou haſt thy Country to a laſting War
betray'd ——

Chil. And therefore for thy death prepare.

Phot. Who! I! alas I but my Queen obey'd,
And both were of *Antonius* pow'r afraid.
Like you I wiſht an opportunity,
When *Egypt* was from *Roman* Forces free:

That

That we might then with *Cæsar* make our peace.
Chil. Now Fate prefents it, this occafion feize,
In our Queens abfence you the Town command;
Egypt requires her Freedom at your hand.
Memn. The City Gates againſt *Antonius* ſhut,
So thou wilt put thy meaning out of doubt.
Phot. But then our Queen——
Memn. She is *Antonius* Slave,
And merits amongſt us nor Throne nor Grave;
This once perform'd, be thou our General,
If not, like a faint Slave unpitied fall—— [*Offers to run at him.*
Phot. I'll do unfore'd what ever you require,
But now you bind me to my own deſire;
I ever thought *Antonius* Cauſe unlikely,
I did his Riot loath and Loves deceit,
So we did all I think: and 'twere unjuſt,
We ſhou'd defend, who ſtill abhorr'd his luſt.
Let Pimps and Parafites his Fortunes fight,
Buffoons, and looſe Companions of the night,
Male-Bawds and let that goatiſh drunken Herd
Which made him odious, die, to make him fear'd.
Memn. Antonius now (at *Rome*) deſpairs of all,
And ſeeks to cruſh our *Egypt* with his fall;
But he ſhall find that ſome of us ſtill wake,
Who nothing fear, and all dare undertake.
Chil. Let's man the Town with all the Force we have,
Keep out *Antonius* and our Country ſave:
Cæſar will hold us Enemies no more,
But call in Friends and Allyes as before.
Memn. For us the people do in throngs declare,
Tir'd with the danger and the charge of War.
Phot. I'm brav'd here by *Canidius* at each turn,
And with revenge and rage like you I burn:
The mighty Charge I gredily accept;
Your Town ſhall be with Faith and Courage kept.
In our diſgrace, believe I had no part,
But honour'd your free Tongue and honeſt Heart.
Memn. How we were all miſtaken in this man? *Exeunt.*

Scene the Fourth. The Gates being ſhut.

Enter Antonius, Cleopatra, Canidus *and Attendants.*

Ant. How well my Queen doth this one act reprove
My needleſs Jealouſie, and ſhew your Love?
Cleop. Her! whom you not eſteem, why wou'd you ſave?
But tho' unjuſt, *Antonius* ſtill is brave.
Ant. I not eſteem you! by the Gods I do
As much as Love——
Cleop. No my my *Antonius!* No!
You think me all that can a Queen diſgrace,
Lighter than Woman, and than Man more baſe.
How cou'd I elſe forſake you in diſtreſs?
Or could *Thyreus* in a moment pleaſe.
Ant. It was the raging Fever of my Love,
And ſtrongeſt Natures, ſtrong Diſtempers prove:
Forgive it Madam, as my Loves excuſe——
Cleop. Had *Ceſar* ſu'd, I had his ſuite diſdain'd;
And cou'd you think another entertain'd?
When the whole World ſhall to his Fortune yield,
My heart againſt your Foe ſhall keep the Field.
Ant. On me ſo thick your obligations fall,
I muſt ſubdue the World to pay 'em all,
And make proud *Rome* acknowledge you her Queen;
Your Glory does demand no leſs a Scene.
Canid. 'Tis very fine, here's all the Senſe he has!
His Legions, Empire, all are in that face!
I do not think he knows he is beſieg'd,
But quite undone, talks how he is oblig'd!
Pray, Sir, do you conſider where we are——
If we ſtay long we ſhall have *Ceſar* here.
Ant. Were he in ſight I'd not one word forbear,
Till I did guiltleſs to my Queen appear.
Thyreus dying.——
Cleop. Have you kill'd him then——
I ſhall be hateful to the face of men.
To *Cleopatra* it is death to ſpeak:

On

On him she loves, she a swift War does call,
And those she looks on, by *Antonius* fall.
Ant. He clear'd your Virtue with his dying Breath.
Cleop. You stain'd it in the manner of his death.
Ant. Lovers like Misers cannot bear the stealth
Of the least trifle from their endless wealth.
I saw him kiss your hand, for that he dy'd:
And should had he Ten Thousand lives beside.
You seem not pleas'd with my revenge enough.
Cleop. It was too rash, and for his crime too rough.
Ant. T' attempt the spotless Honour of my Queen,
Is such a Crime, as it is death to mean.
Cleop. He should have liv'd, if that he lov'd indeed,
My Scorn all other Torments might exceed:
His life had been but one continued pain,
And mine but one long Act of my disdain.
But now all means to clear my fame are lost;
You can but think me innocent at most.
Ant. I from that Viper such an Oyl have wrung,
As heals that Love which he before had stung:
Since from a dying Rival's mouth I hear,
His hope was as ill grounded as my fear:
He call'd you most Ingrateful as he dy'd;
Confess'd his Passion, and accus'd your Pride.
What stronger Demonstration can be thought?
Cleop. Could nothing I might say, the like have wrought?
Then vain is all I've suffer'd, and have done:
My slighted Flame, and my endanger'd Throne,
Can nothing weigh; and 'twas *Thyreus* grace,
That I was clear'd? *Antonius* held me base.
Ant. O say not so! My Love of its own strength
Had overcome that jealousie at length:
To him indeed I owe my speedy Cure.
Cleop. Are you for ever from relapse secure?
Ant. I rather will believe all that is strange,
The whole Sex true, than that my Queen can change.

Enter Soldier from the Town.

Sold. The Town is loſt, your *Romans* kill'd or fled,
And falſe *Photinus* does the Traytor head:
Memnon and *Philax* in bright Arms appear,
And for *Octavius Cæſar* all declare

Ant. Canid. appear with their Army under the Walls and find oppoſition, ſome that go near are kill'd.

Ant. Treaſon before, and Enemies behind;
In ſuch a choice 'twere equal to be blind.
I know not which I ſhou'd attacque the firſt;
I'm only ſure of all: Delay's the worſt.
Storm then the Town with all that we can make,
E'er *Cæſar* ſee, and this advantage take.
Safe at a diſtance here my Queen muſt ſtay,
While we with blood and ſlaughter force our way. *Charge without.*

They are beat off.

Canid. It is in vain, theſe Barb'rous Villains dare
Not hope for the fair Quarter of a War;
And are turn'd deſperate.
Ant. We are alike,
Deſperate with them,
When for the whole both Parties ſtrike,
Courage muſt carry't, Charge them once again. *Charge.*

Shout.

Scene the Fifth. The Gates drawn open.

A ſhout from the Town. Photinus *is attacqued from behind.*

Antonius *Enters.*

Ant. SPare on your Lives th' unarm'd and meaner ſort,
And all who to Our Clemency reſort.
This eaſie entrance to ſome Friend we owe:
We from within came pouring on the Foe.
Canid. They are no Traytors till they kill our men,
And then as vanquiſh't muſt be ſpar'd agen.

Ant.

Ant. They're *Cleopatra's* Subjects: let that be
A full *Probation* in our Victory.

Enter Lucilius *with* Photinus, Memnon, *and* Chilax *Prisoners.*

Lucil. Health to *Antonius* in whose Cause to fight,
Is less *Lucilius* duty than delight.
Take from my hand your treacherous Enemies,
And use 'm as your Safety shall advise.

Memn. Traitor's a name Vertue cannot brook;
How cou'd I break a Truft I never took?

Ant. Arms 'gainft your Lawful Queen are full unjuft,
A Subject born betrays a Native truft.
But thou *Photinus* beyond Villains bafe,
Whom with her Truft and Friendfhip fhe did grace.
Whom Birth and Fortune both had laid fo low,
To raife the up again fhe fcarce knew how;
Only rafh Favour, whofe extravagance
Seems yet a blinder Power than that of Chance,
Remain'd thy Friend——

Phot. I do confefs, my Queen
From nothing made me all that I have been,
And much I to *Antonius* favour owe,
Whom then fhould I depend on but you two?

Ant. We two! whom thou didft fhut the Town againft,
And to whom now thou but repentance feign'ft.

Phot. From this feditious Rout what cou'd I gain?
I might not hope in *Cleopatra's* reign:
Weigh then my Intereft, by that Scale you'll find
My Crime, though great, lay never in my mind:
I fhou'd have dy'd, I know, I wifh I had,
Rather than feem'd to have my Truft betray'd;
I fhou'd have chofe their Dagger, fcorn'd their fide;
It had been paft, and I had nobly dy'd.

Chil. O that thou hadft! I would have driv'n it home,
Till forth with the broad point thy Soul had come.

Phot. Death I have often met in open field,
With my Sword fent, repell'd him with my Shield:
Surpriz'd defencelefs I confefs I fhook,
And cou'd not in cold blood his vifage brook,

'Twas

'Twas all my Crime; you *Romans* only can
Serenely and unshaken, put off man.
Cæs. We might have known that Parry needs must fall,
Who to his own fear, owe their General.
Phot. Kill me! alas! I do not ask to live!
Shou'd you, I never cou'd my self forgive.
Death to my fear is due, why shou'd I plead?
I was no Trayton, I was worse, afraid.
Love, Faith, and Zeal, if Resolution fail,
No more than the faint Glow-worm's Fire avail.
All that I now repent, is that with shame
I loss that Life, I might have lost with Fame.
Ant. How cam'st thou to appear in open Arms,
For thy black Soul has Treachery such Charms?
Phot. Had I not been their General I had dy'd,
Death turn'd the Scale, and so I took their side
Besides I for your Service thought it best,
I shou'd with them maintain my Interest;
That at some time unlook'd for you might see
The good intent of seeming Treachery.
What greater Blessing can your Arms attend,
Than t' have your Foes, commanded by your Friend?
I early of *Lucilius* project knew,
And from the neighb'ring parts my Arms withdrew,
That he a Body might of *Romans* form,
The great exploit securely to perform.
Ant. 'Tis possible thou may'st be honest; yet 'twere strange,
Men still were doubted, who but seem to change.
But say! how came this Tumult to begin?
Phot. The people long have discontented been,
Curst me aloud, and murmur'd at the Queen;
That to your side so firmly we adher'd,
And to their Common Peace your Cause preferr'd:
They said they wou'd not be the Victor's prey;
But whom they must at last, betimes obey:
And ruine all who stop't em in their way.
Ant. Where were the Soldiers?
Phot. When she sally'd forth——
None stay'd, who lov'd the Queen or Martial Worth;

But

But all the Discontentments remain'd behind,
And had affected what they long design'd,
Had not those pow'rs that Treachery prevent,
To your relief the brave *Lucillus* sent.
He in the Town a Band of *Romans* got,
And overthrew the Rebels and their Plot.
Ant. You then are one of 'em——
Phot. I was by force:
But *Lucrece* ne're cou'd hate vile *Tarquin* worse,
Then I these Forces of my Loyalty—— [*Points to the Lords.*
And like her too (since not believ'd) I'll dye.
Memn. You durst not dye by an Egyptian Sword:
What is 't this sudden Courage does afford?
Phot. I was no Villain thought, but now I hate
My Life, and cou'd ruth gladly on my fate;——
And you repent——
Chil. That e'er we trusted thee,——
Slave! more uncertain than a Winter's Sea.
Ant. I will believe Death shook thy Loyalty,
And all thou didst was Fear, not Treachery.
Photinus rise! thy frailty I forgive. [*Rises.*
And if thou can'st or dar'st thus brand-ed live:
But never more a weighty Charge sustain.
Phot. I wou'd live gladly to redeem my Crimes;
'Tis all the benefit I ask of Time.
Ant. But you Fierce Lords that dare your Soveraign blame,
And would dispose, or govern in Her name,
Shall find what 'tis to play with Royalty,
And fall like *Phaeton* from the borrow'd Sky.
Chil. We Scorn the Mercy, and our Country love,
And gladly from her dying Cries remove,

ACT V.

Scene the First. The Palace.

Enter Antonius, Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, *and Attendants.*

Cleop. FOrtune's afresh fond of *Antonius* grown,
And has this Minute her old Love put on;
She calls her wonted Charms into her Face,
And hugs him——
With the fierce ardor of a first embrace.
Ant. Of his success, when they at *Rome* shall hear,
They'll change perhaps their Superstitious fear,
And the ill *Omens* on my Foe transfer.
His will the Owl bethought, unchas'd away,
Which upon *Concord*'s Temple braves the day.
The Ape in *Ceres* Temple will be His,
And his defeat the Eight-foot Dragon hiss.
The blood my Statue shed, will his be thought;
So are weak minds by Superstition wrought.
Cleop. What we can't shun, 'twere better not to know,
Nor do the Gods maliciously foreshew,
To make us feel our Fate before it come;
But men too nicely pry into their doom.
Ant. Let it fall quick whatever they prepare,
It is the Thunders voice, we cannot bear;
Blind to our fate, let us both hope and fear:
But thou *Lucilius*, who do'st still outrun
All that we can expect or wish were done;
Like some kind God thou leap'st into the Scale
And turn'st it when all Mortals seem to fail,
Take from my hand this Armor of clear Gold.
Let the best Metal the best man enfold.
Lucil. Me dead or living you anon shall praise.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Mess. With his whole Force *Octavius*, Sir, moves on;
'Tis thought on every part he'll storm the Town.

Ant. His late defeat then flings the restless Boy,
And all at once we shall our Swords imploy.
Let us embrace, then each man to his Post:
We'll meet no more but Conquerors or Ghosts.
The World's at stake, my Queen, and this short hour
Contains the Fate of all succeeding Pow'rs.
If this one day we can our Fate defer,
To morrow's Sun will see *Ventidius* here;
Victorious Legions to my Aid he brings;
Flesh't all in *Parthian* Blood and Spoils of Kings.

[*Ex. Anto. Canid. Lict.*

Enter Photinus *at another Door.*

Cleop. My boading Heart says we shall meet no more,
And sends up thoughts I never knew before.
My Ears with dismal dying Cæsars fill'd,
And my Eyes grow with ghastly Visions wild,
Methinks I see *Antonius* bleeding there,
And all his Soldiers pale with Death or Fear.

Charm. Your wounded Fancy does these forms create,
Expect as you deserve, a better Fate.

Cleop. O that betimes he had my Cause forlook!
Cæsar with pity on a Queen must look.
Defenceless too. Winds unopposed give o'er,
And but 'mongst Trees and solid Buildings roar.
The *Romans* against me declared the War,
But caught *Antonius* Vertue in their Snares.

Phot. When two fierce Bulls contend, the doubtful Herd
Stand gazing by a while, of both afeard;
But soon as one the fatal Strife declines,
The Captive number with the Victor joyns.
And so should we ——

Cleop. Yes! if meer Brutes we were ——
And knew no Nobler Failings than vile Fear;

Minutes move ſlowly when ſuch weight they bear,
Each now is more important than a year;
I grow impatient, can bear no delay,
But quickning Fate would through the ſhell ſurvey.

Char. The ſtrongeſt place, and neareſt is your Tomb;
Hear good news ſoon, the bad too ſoon will come.
Be patient Madam ——

Cleop. Who compos'd can be?
A Tempeſt heard and their whole Wealth at Sea?
Each Pile that flies may pierce *Antonius* Heart;
And they in ſhowrs from meeting *Romans* part.
Let us move on, no matter where you lead
A breaking Heart, and a diſtemper'd Head. [*Noiſe of Arms.*

Ex. Cleop. Charm.

Phot. Claſhing of Arms I heard, and noiſe of Drums,
Nearer and nearer the fierce Clangor comes.
[Photinus *ſteals off unſeen.*

Enter Antonius, Canidius, Lucilius, *as beaten back into the Town.*

Ant. Gape Hell, and to thy diſmal Bottom take
The loſt *Antonius*; this was our laſt Stake;
Warn'd by my ruine, let no *Roman* more
Set Foot on the inhoſpitable ſhore.
Cowards and Traytors fill this impious Land;
Faithleſs and fearful, without Heart or Hand.
Some ran to *Cæſar* like an headlong Tyde,
The reſt their fear made uſeleſs on our ſide.

Canid. Their Fear! their Treachery! we are betray'd;
By Hands we truſt the ſureſt Snares are laid.
The Queen, no doubt, does correſpondence hold
With *Rome* and *Cæſar*, and we all are ſold.

Ant. I had but one glad thought within my breaſt,
And thou to that one thought, wilt give no reſt.
Fortune hath ſeiz'd my Empire and renown;
Honeſt Old Soldier, let my love alone
But you generous Friends to *Cæſar* go,
Too much already to your love I owe:
Let me now ſink alone; enough y' have done
A falling Tow'r 'twere madneſs not to ſhun.

Your

Your guilt is small, let early
Your Ties and Love to me plead your
Lucil. No Sun shall see me living after you;
My Death shall tell you that my Life was true.
Canid. For what should I my banding years preserve?
Canidius will no Second Master serve. [*A shout within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your Navy, Sir, is joyn'd with *Cæsar*'s Fleet,
And with one voice their Emperor they greet.
Both sides their bloody hatred have laid down,
And in one Body row toward the Town.
Canid. Sir, with *Egyptians* it was chiefly mann'd,
And is there yet no dealing underhand?
Still does the Queen so innocent appear;
Her people guilty, she alone is clear.
Ant. Her peoples Love, her Love to me has lost;
And now her Faith, is by their Treason cross'd.
Pity, not blame the Queen, who sinks this hour,
Crush't with the ruins of an Emperor.
By Land and Sea betray'd! what shall we do?
Canid. Let's fight and die in Arms upon the Foe.
Ant We of resistance scarce can make a show.
Death shuns the naked Throat and proffer'd Breast;
He flies when call'd, to be a welcome Guest.
I may be ta'en alive, and made a Sport
Where I have oft the highest Honours worn.
Rome never shall my conquer'd Face behold:
Death I have seiz'd, and will not lose my hold. [*Shout again.*

Enter Soldier.

Sold. *Cæsar* is entred, and we all are lost;
Some *Roman* Soldiers still make good their Post.
Ant. Their number speak.
Sold. Two Legions at the most.
Ant. Command 'em to yield easie Victory:
Their number is
Too small to conquer, and too great to dye.

Canid. What means our Emperor?

Ant. To spare your Blood
Too long you have my angry Fate withstood.
What is Command, for which we so contend?
Danger and Envy the High Charge attend:
A few we please, and Multitudes offend.

[Canid. *to the Sold.*

Canid. Thou art a Coward, fled'st before thy time,
And with pretence of News would'st hide thy Crime.
'Tis false.

Sold. So it were false indeed, I'd gladly die,
But this shall show I did not basely flie. [*Kills himself.*

Enter Photinus.

Phot. Horror on horror! Sir, th' unhappy Queen
Betray'd by a Report that you were slain
Ant. I understand you, she her self has kill'd,
And better knew to die, than how to yield.
Phot. Alas! she has, I pull'd the reeking Steel
From her warm Wound, and with it rush'd her life——
Her lateſt breath was buſie with your name,
And the ſweet pledges of your mutual flame:
Your Children ſhe embrac'd and then ſhe dy'd.
Ant. How well had I been with the great *Julius* ſlain,
Or by ſome flying *Parthian* darted Cane.
Thy gentle Nature, *Brutus* how I hate,
Through which I live to taſte the dregs of fate.
Such is the gloomy ſtate of Mortals here,
We know not what to wiſh, or what to fear:
My Name in Arms, my Friends and Empire gone,
Yet while ſhe liv'd, I was not quite undone:
Methought I ſtill had ſomething to do here ——
Canid. Y' have more than ever, Sir: your Soldiers chear
And bid 'em for a bold defence prepare.
Ant. Never let *Romans* now each other love,
Their tedious quarrel I will ſoon remove.
'Twice has my Sword with *Roman* blood been dy'd,
It draws no more, but from *Antonius* ſide.
Had the juſt Gods intended I ſhould live,
To hate my life, ſuch cauſe they would not give.

They,

They hail presents to my Queen and me.
Enough and more, I have both Fortunes seen.
Strike good *Lucilius*; 'Tis a friendly part:
Let no Foes weapon pierce thy Masters Heart.

Lucil. goes behind, makes as if he would kill him, but passes the Weapon through his own Body.

The Noblest way thou shew'st me what to do.
Thou giv'st th' Example, and I'll give the blow.

Antonius kills himself. A great shriek is given at his fall. All run out of the room except Phot.

Phot. I'll call some help
But 'twill but increase my pain;
For should'st thou stir, I'd stab my self again.
Canid. Let others sigh and weep, but let us go,
And vent our grief, in rage upon the Foe.
From the strange horror of this mortal sight,
Cowards would ruth into the midst of fight.

Phot. makes towards the door. Anto. stabs himself again, and falls. Phot. returns.

Ant. Let Cowards crowd to force reason their breath.
Brave Minds look through it and make use of Death.
Thou can'st not now my fatal Journey stay.
Phot. Nor wou'd I Sir, you're fairly on your way.
Ant. Death soon will place me out of Fortunes reach;
Why stays my Soul to fully at this breach?
Phot. It is not big enough.
Ant. Do'st mock me now?
Can my few Minutes a true Torture know?
Phot. They may, and to provoke thy parting Soul,
Know that the Queen yet lives, thou loving fool,
And I the Story of her Death contriv'd,
To make thee kill thy self, which has arriv'd
Just as I wish't by thy own hand thou dy'st,
And art at once the Victim and the Priest.
Ant. Furies and Hell ——
Phot. Curse one; but *Cæsar* shall
With *Egypt's* Scepter thank me for thy fall.
Though decently he could not take thy Head,
He'll inwardly rejoyce to find thee dead;
And hug the man that eas'd him from the fear
Of such a Rival, yet his guilt did spare.

Ant.

Ant. Thou mak'ſt me hate by turns my Life and Death!
O for a moments ſtrength! my Sword to ſheath
In thy falſe Heart ——
But 'twill not be, my hand forſakes my Will;
Only himſelf can poor *Antonius* kill.

Phot. Cou'd you have liv'd, I had ſeem'd honeſt ſtill,
But now take all: the Queen her ſelf muſt Bleed;
Iras and I muſt to her Throne ſucceed.
Thy Councils ſtill to *Cæſar* I betray'd,
This laſt revolt I in thy *Navy* made.

Ant. Triumphant Villain! What provok'd thee to't?

Phot. Ambition Sir: I had no Armies rais'd;
Nor was I born of Royal Progeny.
No Crown deſcended on my Lazy Head,
I cou'd no open path to greatneſs tread;
But none deſpis'd that to a Throne did lead.

Ant. All *Charmion* ſaid of Thee, it ſeems was true;

Phot. And all *Caniadus* yet ſuſpected too.
I have diſcharg'd my Conſcience at this laſt ——
Die thou
Whilſt I to *Iras* and a Throne make haſte.

[*Exit Phot.*

Enter Charmion, Iras, and Attendants.

Charm. The Queen Entreats ——

Ant. Does my Queen Live, and may *Antonius* yet,
Above the Earth his *Cleopatra* meet,

Charm. She lives, but ſhut up in her Monument.
Her rowling Thoughts on ſome dire Miſchief bent.
By *Iſis* Temple, Sir, you know it ſtands;
The Rareſt Fabrick made by Mortal hands.
All She holds dear ſhe has throng'd there, but you,
And now intreats that you will enter too.

Ant. With thoſe we love, a Triumph 'tis to fall;
Moſt gladly I obey her fatal Call.

Charm Juſt Heav'ns! you faint, what is it you have done,
That with ſuch Streams theſe Living Fountains run?

Ant. It was a ſudden qualm. Lambe do but bear
Me to My Queen and I'll diſmiſs you there.
I cannot die till I have paid that Debt
Nor have our Souls appointed where to meet.
Stand off my Fate, and dare not touch me yet.

Charm.

Charm. Secure from *Cæsar* your whole may be,
And there what's fittest to be done decree.
The place. [*A shout.*

Ant. The Victory comes on, I hear the Noise,
And of prevailing Foes th' insulting Voice.
Cæsar to spare me did strict Order give,
I may be taken and compell'd to live;
Move on, all Fates but that I can forgive. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Mecœnas, *and Soldiers.*

Mec. Sir, y' are entirely Master of the Town;
All men their Hatred and their Arms lay down,
And the whole World now bends to you alone.
Agrip. The names of Parties and of Factions cease,
And War has brought forth her fair Daughter Peace.
Cæs. Command the Soldiers Fury be restrain'd,
That Rage destroy not what their Virtue gain'd.
Th' *Egyptians* now my Clemency shall share;
I would be lov'd in Peace, though fear'd in War.
In this Confusion where's the haughty Queen?
Mec. Since first we entred, she no more was seen.

Enter Photinus *with a Sword.*

Phot. Great *Cæsar* at my hands that Sword receive,
Which his Deaths Wound did to *Antonius* give.
Cæs. Thou hast not kill'd him Villain! quickly speak,
Thy Limbs upon a Thousand Racks I'll break,
To find the Truth——
Phot. He is not Dead, but long he cannot Live;
And his own Arm the Fatal blow did give.
By my advice indeed——
Cæs. By thy advice——
Thus *Rome* by *Egypt* is defeated twice.
Thou hast the pow'r of pardoning from me ta'en,
And empty Wishes now alone remain.
Each Man will think what he himself had done,
And my great mind interpret by his own.
Hence from my sight! since blasted is by Thee
The fairest Fruit of all my Victory.

Phot

Phot. I wish *Antonius* blood were yet unspilt;
But yours is the advantage, Mine the guilt;
Empire and Glory can no Partners bear,
Since you forgive your Foes, disdain my care.

Cæs. Where is the Queen?

Phot. Fled to the Monument:
Which for her last Retreat she ever meant,
Where she has all the Jewels of the Crown,
And the Chief Wealth of th' distracted Town.
There great *Antonius* Bleeding in her Arms,
Takes his last Leave of her destructive Charms.
Give me two hundred Men, within an hour,
They shall alive or dead be in Your pow'r.

Cæs. Thou Monster of all Villany forbear,
Thou woud'st thy Gods from off their Altars tear,
Who woud'st not thy Afflicted Sov'raign spare.

Agrip. Men say she is Generous, if so our Force
Will only drive her on some desp'rate Course.
If Honourable Terms we should refuse,
We shall her Person and her Treasure lose.
She'll both Convert into one spreading Flame,
And shortning hated Life extend her Fame.

Mec. A *Roman* Mind can only Death command;
Fear no such Courage from a Barbarous Hand!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Octavia, Sir——

Cæs. Poor Soul! I pity Her,
She ill the news will of *Antonius* bear.——
She's past all human Grief and human Care.
She is not dead.

Serv. Yes, in her way to *Rome*,
Of grief and discontent, as we presume.——

Cæs. Ye joys of Victory a while forbear,
I must on my *Octavia* drop a tear.
She was the best of Women, Gentlest Wife,
In every part how vertuous was her life!

Mec. From out the Crystal Palace of her Breast,
Her clearer Soul is gone to endless rest.
What time what reason can my loss digest?

Enter

Mec. Canidius ſtill does an old Part defend,
Cæſ. On every ſpark of War we muſt attend.
True Wiſdom will no Enemy deſpiſe,
From ſmall beginnings mighty Flames ariſe.

Enter Canidius *with his Soldiers.*

Canid. Thus the laſt Sword for Liberty I draw,
And whom Deſpair thruſts on no numbers ſlowe.
Who knows ——
But that thoſe nobler Souls of Ancient *Rome*
May ſtrike with us 'gainſt ſlavery to come.

Enter Cæſar *with his Soldiers.*

Cæſ. I charge you all the brave *Canidius* ſpare,
Let not his Blood now ſtain the ended War:
His number ſpeaks not terror, but deſpair.
[*Canid. is beaten of the Stage.*
[*He re-enters.*
Canid. Fight but one Minute longer, whilſt that I
And ſome few nobler Souls like *Romans* die. [*They kill themſelves.*
Then may you all by *Cæſar's* mercy live, [*The reſt yields.*
Whilſt we our freedom from our Swords receive.
Cæſ. What have I done! that man had rather die
By their one hand, than truſt my Clemency.
Mecæn. Canidius to his Maſter was moſt true,
And did for him what I wou'd do for you.
Agrip. The World does no more Enemies contain,
And *Cæſar* over peaceful *Rome* may reign. *Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Antonius, Cleopatra, Charmion, *and* Iras *in the Monument.*

Ant. 'Twas I that pull'd on you the hate of *Rome*,
And all your ills paſt, preſent, and to come.
It is not fit nor poſſible I live,
And my dear Queen, it grows unkind to grieve.
Cleop. 'Twas I that loſt you to each *Roman* mind,
And to your ruine can you ſtill be kind?
How can you bear this Tyranny of Fate,
And not the Cauſe, your *Cleopatra* hate.

Ant. So *Venus* look'd, when that *Adonis* bore
The tender side of her
Not yields my Queen in Beauty or in grief,
When half the World under my rule was plac'd;
Your Love was all the joy that I cou'd taſt,
It was my chief delight, and is my laſt.
I die and have but one ſhort word to ſay;
But you muſt ſwear, my Queen you will obey.

Cleop. By all our Love I will, my death command,
And ſee the eager duty of my hand.

Ant. Your death! it is the only thing I fear:
And Fate no other way can reach me here.

Cleop. Down from a Throne to any private State;
It is a diſmal Precipice to the Great.
I giddy with the horrid proſpect grow;
And ſhall fall in, unleſs Death help me now.

Ant. Heav'n that ſucceſs does to my Arms deny,
Whiſpers a *Roman* Soul, and bids him die,
Our caſe is different; to *Cæſar* ſue,
Tho' me he hate, he needs muſt pity you.
Your Beauty and my Love were all your Crime,
And you muſt live my Queen.

Cleop. When you are dead ——
To be deſpis'd, reproach'd in triumph led
A Queen and Slave! who wou'd not life renounce,
Rather than bear thoſe diſtant names at once.

Ant. but you may live a Queen; ſay you obey'd
Through fear: and were compell'd to give me Aid:
That all your Subjects private Orders had
Not to reſiſt him, and my Cauſe betray'd.
Say, that at laſt you did my Death procure;
Say any thing that may your Life and Crown ſecure.

Cleop. 'Twere falſe and baſe: it rather ſhall be ſaid
I kill'd my ſelf when I beheld you dead.

Ant. Me the unhappy cauſe of all your woe?
Your own, and your dear Country's overthrow.
Remember I was jealous, raſh, loſt, how'd,
Suſpected no leſs fiercely than I lov'd.
How I *Thyreus* kill'd your Love accus'd,
And to your kind defence my faith refus'd.

From

From ſhame and rage! ſoon ſhall he reſt, [*He faints.*
And death of thouſand illſs [illegible] the beſt.

Cleop. O ſtay! and take me with you

Ant. Deareſt Queen,
Let my Life end before your Death begin,
O *Rome!* the freedom does with me expire,
And thou art loſt, obtaining thy deſire. [*Dies.*

Cleop. He's gone! he's gone! and I for ever loſt!
The great *Antonius* now is but a Ghoſt:
A wandring ſhadow on the Stygian Coaſt.
I'm ſtill a Queen, though by the Fate of War,
Death and theſe Women all my Subjects are;
And this unhappy Monument is all
Of the whole World, that I may own and call.

Iras O name not Death!
Cæſar men ſay is good, wife, mild and juſt;
So many Vertues how can you deſtroy?
Cleop. Tho' his laſt breath adviſ'd me to ſubmit
To *Cæſar*, and his falling Fortunes quit;
When I nam'd Death, ſpeechleſs my hand he preſt;
And ſeem'd to ſay that I had choſe the beſt.

Iras. He cou'd not be ſo cruel, you miſtook;
Too ſharply you apply his dying look.

Cleop. He does expect it, and I keep my word,
If there be Death in Poyſon, Fire, or Sword.

Charm. Fortune with lighter Fuſils ſtrikes lighter things;
With her whole weight ſhe crushes falling Kings.

Cleop We ſhall in Triumph [illegible] be led,
Till with our ſhame *Rome's* Pride be ſatisfied;
Till every finger *Cleopatra* find
Pointing at her, who was their Queen deſign'd.

Charm. Their Anger they may glut, but not their Pride.
They ne'er had Triumpht if mine ſtarſt have dy'd.

Cleop. Beauty thou art a fair, but fading flow'r,
The tender prey of every coming hour:
In Youth thou Comet-like art gaz'd upon,
But art portentous to thy ſelf alone.
Unpunish't thou to few wer't ever kind;
Nor art a Bleſſing, but a Mark from Heaven.

Greatneſs more envy'd, when leaſt underſtood:
Thou art no real, but a fleeting good,
Sick at the Heart! Thou in the Face look'ſt well,
And none but ſuch as feel thy pangs can tell.
By thy exalted State we only gain
To be more wretched than the Vulgar can.

Iras. Think how he'll uſe your Sons when you are dead,
And none their Cauſe can like a Mother plead.

Cleop. Perhaps, when I am dead, his hate may ceaſe,
And Pity take declining Rages place.
Sure in the Grave all Enmities take end,
And Love alone can to the Dead extend.
Men ſay that we to th' other World ſhall head
The ſame Deſires and Thoughts employ'd as here:
The *Hero* ſhall in ſhining Arms delight,
In neighing Steeds, ſhrill ſounds and empty fight:
Poets ſhall ſing, and in ſoft Dances move,
And Lovers in Eternal Rofes Love.
If ſo, *Antonius*, we but change the Scene,
And there purſue what we did here begin.

Charm. I am prepar'd to follow or to lead:
Name but the fatal Path that you will tread.

Cleop. In yonder golden Box there lies,
Of whoſe leaſt venomous Biting deep and dire
Take one and to my naked Breaſt apply
Its poyſonous mouth ——

Charm. Alone ſhe ſhall not die.

Iras. When *Julius Cæſar* in the Senate fell,
Where were theſe thoughts? and you he lov'd as well.

Cleop. He lov'd me not! he was ambitious he;
And but at looſer Times took thought of me:
Glory and Empire fill'd his reſtleſs mind:
He knew not the ſoft pleaſures of the Kind.
Our Joys were frighted ſtill with freſh alarms,
And new Deſigns ſtill forc'd him from my Arms.
But my *Antonius* lov'd me with his Soul.
No cares of Empire did his Flame controul.
I was his Friend, the partner of his mind;
Our days were joyful, and our nights were kind:
He liv'd for Me, and I will die for Him. [*Stings her.*
So, now 'tis paſt! I feel my eyes grow dim,
I am

I am from triumph and ——— fortune,
What all muſt bear. I do [Kneels down to Iras, &c.
To thy cold Arms take thy unhappy Queen, ———
Who both thy ruine and her own has been
Other Embrace then this ſhall never have;
But a pale Ghoſt, purſue thy ſtately ———
Good Aſp bite deep and ——— my Breaſts;
And give me ſudden and ——— Reſt. [She dies.

[Iras runs away.

Charm. Fool foam thy ſtubborn Jaws, thou can'ſt not bite.
Iras. Let it bite you, I'll ſtay till you have done.
Alas! my life but newly ———
Charm. No; thou would'ſt live to ſhame thy Family;
But I'll take care that the ———
Iras. Good *Charmion!*
Charm. I'll hear no more; ſome Hearts that feel delay
Will never want ſome foolish thing to ———

[Charm. ſtrokes her, then puts
At our Queens feet let's decently be found,
And Loyal Grief be thought our only Wound. [Dies.

Enter Cæſar, Mecoen[as] and Photinus.

Cæſ. Yonder's the Monument, ——— Town's,
'Tis weak, and may be ———
Summon the Queen ——— [Calls thrice;
Not reſolution the ſoft Queen alone ——— [Knocking.
Call for a Battering Ram ———
Mecæn. But oh! what ———
The Queen *Antonius*, and her Maid ———
From their pale Cheeks the Life has newly fled.
Cæſ. Am I ſo cruel and relentleſs ———
That Women dare not ſo my ——— fear'd,
Phot. The Queen your ——— Triumphs ever fear'd,
And therefore Poyſons of all ſorts prepar'd
To end her life, and to prevent that ſhame,
When ever the unhappy proſpect came. [Phot. runs to Iras.
Some Signs of life in that ſoft Maid remain;
She ſeems to move her dying lips again.
Iras. I'ſt thus your word you with poor *Iras* keep ———

The

The Crown of *Egypt* now you may dispose
On whom you please —— Death from my Eyes will close,
And *Cæsar* my ——— [*Dies.*
Cæs. The Crown of *Egypt*, Slave, dispos'd by thee,
Her dying words contain some Mystery.
Phos. Which I'll take care she never shall explain —— [*Aside.*
She raves: the Poison has disburthen'd her brain. [*Calls her.*
Cæs. Thou hast not, Slave, [illegible]
Phos. I lov'd and cou'd not see her lie in pain.
Cæs. Villain, [illegible] might fly
Something that might thy treacherous heart betray.
Mecenas, seize on him, see quick justice done.
Sold. Quicker than this, great *Cæsar*, there is none. [*Kills Phos.*
Cæs. Who art thou that dar'st kill my *Cæsar* by?
Sold. I'm Brother to that Maid, reliev'd to me
By the same hand, if *Cæsar* say the word.
Cæs. Put up: it was a piece of Virtue in thy Guard.
What cou'd *Antonius* from a Brother fear,
Who owes him all the Honours he does wear?
Oh! what a God-like pleasure had he been
With thee t' have fled a Second Empire once again?
And to have made a Second Sacrifice
To friendship of each [illegible]
By thee I am what [illegible]
But thou art proud, and fear'st to be repaid.
Aeria. The Queens vast Treasure, Sir, I blazing found,
A greater Wealth than ever *Egypt* crown'd.
She her fair Person in a Casket saved,
And her last Treasure to the Flames brav'd.
Both ways defeating the proud hopes of those.
Cæs. Great minds the Gods alone can overcome ——
Let no man with his prudent Fortune swell!
The Fate of growing Empire who can tell?
We stand but on that Greatness whence these fell.

Ed. Omnes.

FINIS.

'Twere Popish Bills for the Dead to pray:
By this time we have Damn'd our Souls away.
But Gentlemen, the Plot has fail'd this Night,
He claims his Merit as a fore-Jove:
The Art of [illegible]
Gould Waters, Count of Lumbardo &c.
'Tis not his fault, if things go [illegible]
The Greatest Cowards [illegible]
Must come to a Play [illegible]
And the kind Girl [illegible]
Tells all her Friends [illegible]
They ask the Tale [illegible]
Between the Acts, [illegible]
The Peacock-Beauty [illegible]
And by our gazing [illegible]
And all kind Lovers that are here to [illegible]
May thank the Poet for such Objects [illegible]
Tho' all be bad, men blame with an ill grace
The Entertainments of a Meeting Place.

BOOKS

BOOKS Newly Printed, and Sold by Rich. Bentley in Covent-Garden.

D[illegible] Laertius, in [illegible] from the Greek by several hands.

The Art of [illegible] Morality.

Plurality of [illegible]

Bonduca. A Play.

Cyrus: or, [illegible]

Rural Sifters.

Don *Carolus.* A Play.